

THE
FLEET AIR ARM
SONG BOOK



THE FLEET AIR ARM SONG BOOK

Published for its Members by
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THE FLEET AIR ARM SONG BOOK



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PREFACE

The Fleet Air Arm Song Book is the result of a demand for a permanent record of the songs which have contributed so much to the esprit de corps of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Fleet Air Arm. As a result they are not all strictly parochial.

It has proved an impossible task to establish the correct authors and tunes for many of the contributions and so, in the interests of uniformity only credits and notes have been given when they are of particular interest.

The production of a book of this type is totally reliant upon the generosity of those who have offered their old records and song books for copying and the Fleet Air Arm Officers Association is particularly indebted to those who have worked so hard to compile this work, and also to Tug Wilson for his superb cartoons.

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THE FLEET AIR ARM SONG BOOK

THE A 25 SONG

They say in the Air Force a landing's okay,
If the Pilot gets out and can still walk away,
But in the Fleet Air Arm the prospects are grim,
If the landing's piss poor and the pilot can't swim.

Chorus:

Cracking show, I'm alive, but I've still got to render my A 25.

They taught me to fly in an old Tiger Moth,
A dreadful contraption of wood, string and cloth,
It does sixty knots – or something fantastic,
A bloody good show for some string and elastic.

When you come o'er the round down and see Wing's frown,
You can safely assume that your hook isn't down,
A bloody great barrier looms up ahead
Then a pipe on the broadcast: "let's pray for the dead".

They gave me a Seafire to beat up the Fleet,
I beat up the Rodney and Nelson a treat,
Forgot the tall mast on the top of Formid,
And a seat in the "Goofers" was worth fifty quid.

When the batsman says "lower" I always go higher,
I pull off to starboard and prang my Seafire.
The boys in the goofers all think I am green,
But I get my Commission from Supermarine.

I sit on the booster awaiting the kick,
Amusing myself by abusing my prick.
There goes the green light — the thing gives a cough,
“Cor blimey” shouts Wings, “He’s tossed himself off”.

I fly for a living, I don’t fly for fun,
I’m awfully anxious to hack down the Hun,
But as for deck landings at night in the dark,
As I told Wings this morning “Fuck that for a lark”.

As I roar down the deck in my Martlet Mk. 4,
Loud in my ears is the Cyclone’s sweet roar,
Chuff clink clink, chuff clink clink, chuff clink clink clink,
Away wing on sponson, away life in drink.

I thought I was coming in low enough but,
I was fifty feet high when the batsman gave “cut”,
Loud in my earholes the sweet angels sang,
Float float float, float float float, — barrier prang!

The latest edition’s the bold Buccaneer,
Filled up with black boxes and Scimitar gear,
But “never mind Kruschev, you’re safe till the days,
When the fucking great bastard is fitted with Speys”.

At A/S the Wessex is remarkably sound,
It’s wings don’t go out — they go round and around,
Forwards and backwards and sideways they go,
And they don’t give a fuck if their balls’ hanging low.

Now if you fly Vixens you’ve got to be quick,
’Cos it climbs very fast when you pull back the stick.
“Oh Christ” said a Pilot as heaven drew near,
“Pray what do you want?” said a voice in his ear.

The Phantom is highest and fastest and last,
For the time is now come when we sing of things past,
For Wilson and Healey have won in the end,
And there’ll soon be no flat tops for us to defend.

The moral of this story is quite plain to see,
A Fleet Air Arm Pilot you never should be,
But stay on the shore and get two rings or more,
And go out every night on the piss with a whore.

ABDUL A BUL-BUL AMEER

The harems of Egypt are fair to behold,
The maidens the fairest of fair,
The fairest was Greek, she was owned by a Sheik,
Known as Abdul A Bul-Bul Ameer.

A travelling brothel that came to the town,
Owned by a Russian who came from afar,
He offered a challenge to all who could shag,
As Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Now Abdul rode by with his snatch at his side,
His eyes flamed with a burning desire,
And he wagered ten thousand that he could out-shag
This Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They came on the track with their tools hanging slack,
The starter's gun punctured the air,
They were quick to the rise, and all gaped at the size
Of Abdul A Bul-Bul Ameer.

Although Abdul was quick at flicking his dick,
And the action was learnt by the Czar,
He couldn't compete with the long steady beat,
Of Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Now Ivan had won and was polishing his gun,
And bent over to polish his pair,
When he felt something pass up his great hairy arse,
It was Abdul A Bul-Bul Ameer.

The harlots turned green, then men shouted "Queen",
They were ordered apart by the Czar,
But Abdul, fuck his luck, had got himself stuck,
In the arse of Skavinsky Skavar.

Now the cream of the joke, when apart they were broke,
Was laughed at for years by the Czar,
For Abdul, the fool, had left half his tool,
In the arse of Skavinsky Skavar.

ALBERT AND THE WIND

'ast 'eard tale of Albert Ramsbotham,
Observer of Makee-learn Squad,
Who knew nowt about navigation,
But just trusted blindly in God?
One day 'e 'ad terrible 'eadache,
'E 'ad too much beer night afore,
'E found 'e was flying that morning
And Albert wi' tongue like the floor.
At briefing 'e took little interest,
In fact it was perfectly plain
That if ever young Albert did get there,
'E'd likely not get home again.
At last Albert's Walrus were airborne
Bare ten minutes late by the clock,
Young Albert 'ad mislaid 'is notebook
And also 'is wind-finding plot.
They'd been flying for nearly three hours,
And suddenly Albert exclaimed,
I think this 'ere kite's going backwards
But I don't see 'ow I can be blamed.
What wind are you using, says Pilot,
It does seem a trifle high?
There's only one wind as I knows of,
That's "Met" wind, was Albert's reply.

The aircraft continued to travel,
And seeing the sea in their track
The pilot was restive wi' Albert,
As 'e didn't know 'ow they'd get back.
At last they saw land underneath them,
And pilot — a lad wi' some skill —
Made excellent landing wi' wheels up,
Red lights showing, 'orn blowing, but still ...
They found they had landed in Ireland.
And for rest of war were interned,
And all 'cos young Albert Ramsbotham
To find 'is own wind 'adn't learned.
Take warning from Albert Ramsbotham,
And never rely on the "Met"
Just find out a wind of your own,
And you'll find that a much safer bet.

ANY OLD IRON

Any old iron! Any old iron! Any, any, any old iron!
Talk about a treat torpedoing the Fleet,
Any old cruiser or battleship you meet;
Weighs six tons, no front guns,
Dam' all to rely on,
You know what you can do with your Barracuda Two —
Old Iron! Old Iron!

Any old iron! Any old iron! Any, any, any old iron!
The engine is a teased out Rolls Royce,
A Merlin thirty-two and it ain't our choice,
Open up the throttle and the whole bloody lot'll
Wail like an air raid siren;
You know what you can do with your Barracuda Two —
Old Iron! Old Iron!

Any old iron! Any old iron! Any, any, any old iron!
Tail up high pointing to the sky,
Nobody knows if the blighter will fly;
Your first flight, too much fright,
A kite you can't rely on,
So you know what you can do with your Barracuda Two —
Old Iron! Old Iron!

Any old iron! Any old iron! Any, any, any old iron!
Down at Lee, you can get them free,
Built by Faireys for a crew of three,
Oh what fun, no front gun,
And an engine you can't rely on,
Oh you know what you can do with your Barracuda Two —
Old Iron! Old Iron!

NOTE: Adapted from 809 Squadron's Fulmar Song.

A SOLDIER AND A SAILOR

A soldier and a sailor were walking one day,
Said the soldier to the sailor "Let us kneel down and pray,
And whatever we pray for may we also have ten,
And at the end of each chorus you must say "Amen"

Now the first thing we'll pray for, let's pray for some beer,
"Dear Lord if we had some 'twould fill us with cheer,
And if we had one pint may we also have ten;
May we have the bloody brewery," said the sailor "Amen."

Now the next thing we'll pray for, let's pray for some cunt,
"Dear Lord if we had some 'twould make us all grunt,
And if we had one cunt may we also have ten,
May we have a bloody knocking shop", said the sailor "Amen"

Now the next thing we'll pray for let's pray for a boy,
"Dear Lord if we had one 'twould fill us with joy,
And if we had one boy may we also have ten,
May we have a bloody regiment," said the sailor "Amen"

Now the next thing we'll pray for we'll pray for our Queen,
"Dear Lord what a bastard to us she has been,
And if she has one child may she also have ten,
May she have a bloody bellyfull," said the sailor "Amen".

So all you young Officers and N.C.O.'s too,
With your hand in your pockets and fuck all to do,
Who stand on street corners and bully us men,
May the Lord come down and fuck you all," said the sailor "Amen"

THE AFRICAN JUNGLE

There are horrors which lie beyond any man's ken,
Beyond the description of Englishman's pen,
Where rule the witch doctors and medicine men,
In the depths of the African jungle.

The smell of the place grips a man by the heart,
Like an Eskimo's socks or a Chinaman's fart,
Or a putrid quim of a very old tart,
In the depths of the African jungle.

The rivers flow thick as the sperm from a prick,
Of a man who is steadily dipping his wick;
Or the rush of wet shit from the arse of Old Nick,
In the depths of the African jungle.

And there on the banks lie the great crocodiles,
Their parts are infested with ulcers and piles;
But in sex they're as nimble as cats on the tiles,
In the depths of the African jungle.

And screams can be heard of a terrible kind,
As a panther or puma leaps on the behind,
Of a man who is steadily having a grind,
In the depths of the African jungle.

The captives are most of them physical wrecks,
For some have been buried in shit to their necks;
Some boiled in their piss, some deprived of their sex,
In the depths of the African jungle.

Oh pity the man who his way he should miss,
To be caught by the natives and boiled in his piss,
Oh spare us good lord from a fate such as this,
In the depths of the African jungle.

ARSEHOLES ARE CHEAP TODAY

Arseholes are cheap today, cheaper than yesterday,
Small boys are half a crown standing up or lying down;
Larger ones are three and six, 'cos they take larger dicks,
And one at five bob for a very large knob.

Some are wreathed in smiles others are sore with piles,
The one for me, is the one that's free.
Tallyho, Tallyho, what a lovely sight,
Half a mo, half a mo, whilst I have a shite.

AIR SEA RESCUE

(TUNE: The Church's One Foundation)

We are the Air Sea Rescue,
No ruddy use are we,
The only time you'll see us
Is breakfast, lunch or tea.
And if you're in the 'oggin
By day or in the night,
Per ardua adAstra
Damn you Jack I'm all right.

THE A.D. PILOT

Where was the A.D. Pilot,
When his gasket blew,
They found one bollock up in the G.D.P.
They found the other out in the deep blue sea,
They found his whanger down in the hangar,
But tell us where can his foreskin be?

AS COLD AS A FROG

As cold as a frog in an ice-bound pool,
As cold as the tip of an Eskimo's tool,
As cold as the hairs on a polar bear's bum,
As cold as a prostitute who's cum,
As cold as charity and that's flipping chilly,
But not as cold as our poor Willie,
He's dead, poor bastard, he's dead.

ADVICE

If wine and women lose their joys
Try bottled beer and little boys,
If for those things you have no use,
Try lemonade and self-abuse.

ARGUS MARU (TUNE: "Miralto Maree")

There once was an old Aircraft Carrier,
An exceedingly old Aircraft Carrier;
And she went by the name of the "Argus Maru"
The Argus, the Argus, the Argus Maru

She went for a trip out to China,
An exceedingly fine trip to China.
And they landed some chaps on the racecourse
From the Argus, the Argus, the Argus Maru.

And there they all set their hearts on
A Russian Princess from the "Carlton"
Who took all the cash from the Argus Maru
The Argus, the Argus, the Argus Maru.

And then of course there was Ethel
And all her delectable crew,
Who took more cash from the Argus Maru
The Argus, the Argus, the Argus Maru.

And now we are back at Gibraltar,
We're stuck in the dock at Gibraltar.
And there we shall booze for the rest of the cruise
In the Argus, the Argus, the Argus Maru.

*NOTE: The song obviously relates to the sojourn of
"Argus" in China during the "troubles", 1927.*

AS TIME GOES BY

This is a Barracuda
And nothing could be cruder
Still flying in the sky —
The R.A.F. just wipe their eyes
As it goes by.

The pilot and airgunner
Weigh down this seven tonner —
And that you can't deny;
It's safer to be on the ground
When it flies by.

High strutted tailplane
Very out of date
Radar and wireless adding to the weight
Aircraft needs man and man will meet his fate
That no one can deny.

Its two ton pair of legs
Are just the ruddy dregs
That Fairey's can't deny —
It's safer to be on the ground
When it flies by.

ARSE-END CHARLIE
(TUNE: "Champagne Charlie")

Arse-end Charlie is me name,
Arse-end flying is me game,
There's no future flying up in front
Unless you're a hero or a silly cunt.

I like flying at the back
I keep weaving when there's flak.
And when there's fighters coming up my chuff
Or if my engine sounds a wee bit duff.

My formation's pretty tight
'Till Japan is out of sight
I don't want to rise to fame,
Arse-end Charlie I'll remain.

ANTHONY ROLEY

A is for Arsehole all covered with shit,
"Heigh ho!" says Roley
B is the Bastard who longs to get there,
Singing "Roley Poley, Gammon and Spinach,
Heigh Ho!" says Anthony Roley.
C is for Cunt all slimy with piss, singing ...
D is the Drunkard who gave it a kiss, singing ...
E is for Eunuch with only one ball, singing ...
F is for Fucker with no balls at all, singing ...
G is for Gonorrhoea, goitre and piss, singing ...
H is the Harlot who fucks when she's sore, singing ...
I is the Injection for clap, pox and syph, singing ...
J is the Jump of the bastard up bitch, singing ...
K is the King who shat on the floor, singing ...
L is the Lecherous licentious whore, singing ...
M is the Maiden all tattered and torn, singing ...
N is the Noble who gave her his horn, singing ...
O is the Orifice, tall, deep and wide, singing ...
P is for Penis all peeled down one side, singing ...
Q is the Quaker who shat on his hat, singing ...
R is the Roger who rogered the cat, singing ...
S is the Shithouse that's filled to the brim, singing ...
T is the Turd that is-floating therein, singing ...
U is the Usher at a virgin girl's school, singing ...
V is the Virgin who played with his tool, singing ...
W is the Whore who thought fucking a farce, singing ...
And X, Y and Z you can stick up your arse, singing ...

ARCHIBALD CLAIR

There was a young man named Archibald Clair
And he was very popular,
For he was a famous jugulaire
And used to play with his balls.

Chorus

*For they were large balls, huge balls,
Balls as heavy as lead,
He gave them a flick with the end of his prick
And swung them right over his head.*

As he was walking down the street
Little Miss Brown he chanced to meet
Walking along with a dog at her feet
As he twisted and twirled his balls.

As he was swinging them round and round
Down they came with a hell of a bound
Right on top of that faithful hound
Who was watching him play with his balls.

Now little Miss Brown was overwrought
And swore she'd take the case to court,
For in her opinion no man ought
To be twisting and twirling his balls.

They took him to a magistrate
Who put him in a cell in state
And left him there to meditate
On how to play with his balls.

And when they took the case to court,
The lawyer of the lady sought
To prove that Archibald didn't ought
To twist and twirl his balls.

The jury said 'twas a bloody disgrace
Exposing yourself in a public place,
Wagging your tool in a lady's face
And twisting and twirling your balls.

The judge and jury couldn't agree
And the judge said "It is plain to me
And really and truly I cannot see
Why a man shouldn't play with his balls."

Then Archibald gave the court a shock
Bold as brass he left the dock,
Swinging his balls around his cock
Twirling and twisting his balls.

And this is the moral of this song,
If you play with your balls you can't go wrong
So bang your penis against a gong
And twiddle and play with your balls.

A TISKIT – A TASKIT

A tiskit, a taskit, a single engined basket,
They wrote a letter to my Mum
And told her I had crashed it;
I crashed it, I crashed it,
That single engined basket,
I turned on finals, yanked the stick,
Son of a bitch, I snapped it;
I snapped it, I snapped it,
That single engined basket,
A two-turn spin, I torque-stalled in,
Oh Jesus how I smashed it.

THE BALL OF KIRRIEMUIR (Just a few verses)

CHORUS: *Singing Fal dae it this time, fal dae it noo,
The aye that did it last time, canna do it noo.*

OR: *Balls to your father, arse against the wall,
If you've never been fucked on a Saturday night,
You've never been fucked at all*

It was the ball, it was the ball, the ball of Kirriemuir
Four and twenty pairs o' breeks were scattered on the floor.

Up got aged veteran who fought among the Boers,
He jumped upon the table and cried aloud for whores.

There was fuckin' in the haystacks, there was fuckin' in the ricks,
Ye couldna' hear the pipin' for the swashing o' the pricks.

Four and twenty old maids, came o'er from Aviemore.
Only one of them got hame and she was double-bore.

Four and twenty virgins were sitting in a row
Pulling at their pubic hairs and passing round the po.

The Elders o' the kirk were there and they were shocked to see,
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree.

The Session Clerk oh he was there, it was a crying shame,
He'd rode a lassie a' the nicht then wouldna' take her hame.

The Church Precentor he was there, he came in trews o' tartan,
They didna' like the colour but he said "twas done by fartin".

The farmer's son, oh he was there and he was in the byre,
Inducing masturbation with an india rubber tyre.

Miss McHaggart she was there, she kept them all in fits,
By jumping off the mantlepice and landing on her tits.

The village Bobby he was there, he'd on his fancy socks,
He fucked a lassie forty times then found she had the pox.

The minister's wife, oh she was there, she was the best of a'
She stuck her arse agin the door and bad them come awa'

The minister's skivvy she was there, she was all dressed in blue
They tied her to a barn door and bulled her like a coo.

The postie's daughter she was there, all draped up in the front,
Wi' poison ivy up her arse an' a thistle up her cunt.

The doctor's wife, oh she was there; she wasna' very weel,
For she had to mak her water in the middle o' a reel.

The butcher's wife, oh she was there, she also wasna' weel,
For she had to go and piddle after every little feel.

Jock McGregor he was there, in a new Ford truck,
They asked if he'd hae a dram but he said he'd rather fuck.

Roon about the washing house and in among the ricks,
Ye couldna' see a blade o' grass for balls and standing pricks.

Mr. McFudge the parson, he went among the women,
He took puir Nellie on his knee and filled her full of semen.

AND WHEN THE BALL WAS
OVER - THERE WERE FOUR AND
TWENTY LESS...



John Broon the facter, he didna' think it shame
To dance a bloody hornpipe upon a lassie's wame.

Jock, the sweep, oh he was there; they had to throw him oot,
For every time he farted, he filled the room wi' soot.

The village looney he was there, he was an awful ass,
He went into the granary, and stuffed his arse wi' grass.

Farmer Tamson he was there, he sat doon and grat,
For forty acres o' his oats were fairly fuckit flat.

There was fuckin' in the barnyard and fuckin' in the laft,
But one auld wife of eighty-five was nic't against the shaft.

The plumber and his mate were there, they had it in their rules,
When comin' to attend the ba' not to forget their tools.

Jean McPherson, she was there; she cowped wi' a dunt
And all the folk rejoiced to see her muckle hairy cunt.

Four and twenty virgins came doon frae Inverness,
And when the ba' was over there were four and twenty less.

First lady forward, second lady back,
First lady's finger up the second lady's crack.

The village idiot he was there a-makin' like a fool
By pulling his foreskin over his head and whistlin' through his tool.

Old farmer Jock and he was there to see what they were at
He had a forty acre field a-fairly fucked flat.

Little Willie, he was there, he was only eight,
He could not fuck the women, so he had to masturbate.

The Teacher frae the school was there, she didna' bring her stick,
She wasna' much to look at, but could she take the prick.

The village blacksmith he was there, he was a mighty man,
He had two balls between his legs that rattled as he ran.

The village postie, he was there — he had a dose of pox,
He couldna' get a woman so he fucked the letter box.

The village cripple, he was there; he wasna' up tae much,
He stood the girls agin the door and fucked 'em wi' his crutch.

The bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum, was the way into her womb.

The King was in his counting house, counting up his wealth;
The Queen was in the parlour a-playing with herself.

Jock McBride, he was there, a-sittin' on a stool
Three of the legs were wooden, and the fourth one was his tool.

The village vicar he was there, to fucking wouldna' stoop,
They say he's keen on buggery, since he joined the Oxford Group.

The Vicar's daughter she was there, a lousy little runt,
With roses round her arsehole and barbed wire round her cunt.

The village pro was there as well, up to her usual tricks,
Swinging from the chandeliers and landing on men's pricks.

Now Mrs. Steward, she was there, she was the worst of all,
In the bed, oot the bed, up against the wall.

The grocer's wife she was there, she had a novel stunt;
Poison ivy round her neck a carrot up her cunt.

The Intelligence Officer he was there frigging in the hay,
Feeling in his pockets for the letter of the day.

The M.T. Officer he was there, his girl was by his side,
Filling in a 658 before they had a ride.

There was fucking in the parlour, fucking on the stairs
You couldna' see the carpets for the cunt and curly hairs.

And when the ba' was over, the ladies all expressed
They'd all enjoyed the dancing but the fucking was the best.

And noo the ba' is over, and a' are on their ways
Excepting Meg McPherson who's coming through her stays.

BLACKBURNS FLY OVER THE OCEAN
(TUNE: *Bring Back my Bonnie to Me*)

The Blackburns fly over the ocean,
The Blackburns fly over the sea,
If it wasn't for King George's Blackburns
Where the hell would the Fleet Air Arm be?

CHORUS: *Heifer-dust, Heifer-dust!*
It's like heifer-dust to me, to me.
Heifer-dust, Heifer dust!
It's like heifer-dust to me, to me.

The Darts are all stuck in the Hangar,
And the Flycatchers' engines aren't sound,
But the Blackburns are doing the business
While the bums are all stuck on the ground!

CHORUS: *Heifer-dust, Heifer-dust! etc...*

Step into your aerial greenhouse
And force the old motor around,
And go for a trip in the ether,
And laugh at those frogs on the ground.

CHORUS: *Heifer-dust, Heifer-dust! etc ...*

Single seaters are good for a roar up;
But they frequently park in the ditch,
While the Bisons commanded by Willums
Are all of them tickety-snitch.

CHORUS: *Heifer-dust, Heifer-dust! etc ...*

The Blackburns fly over the ocean,
The Blackburns fly near and afar,
But do they land on again? – NEVER!
They always go back to Novar (Halfar).

NOTES:

The term "Heifer-dust" replaced a less polite word of two syllables. It subsequently became universal in the Fleet Air Arm as synonymous with "hot air".

WILLUMS, mentioned in verse 4 – T.M. Williams, R.A.F. – O.C. 423 (F.S.) Flight, 1927–29.

THE BICKER OF GREY
(TUNE: *The Vicar of Bray*)

In good Victoria's golden days
One thought it little harm meant,
That Fleets should strive in divers ways
To gain themselves preferment;
Their brass all shone, their guns all missed
The marks where they were pointed;
Still then one felt they could resist
All foes the Lord appointed.

*CHORUS: But this is the law, one will maintain,
Until one's dying day, Sir
Ho! down with the Navy, down the drain!
One's Bumpf shall bicker and bray, Sir.*

When Royal Edward claimed the Crown
It soon became the fashion,
In Stern Reality to drown
For polishing all passion.
Though this was hardly like to fit
The Navy's constitution,
Those simple Seadogs made of it
Another Evolution.

*CHORUS: But now this law, one will maintain
Until one's dying day, Sir
Ho! down with the Navy, down the drain
One blithely'll blither away, Sir.*

When George our King was then declared
In Aviation's grievance!
One first involved oneself, and sheared
From Admiral's allegiance;
All principles one did revoke,
Set logic at a distance,
What need a Navy to invoke
With heifer-dust for subsistence?

*CHORUS: So this is the law, one will maintain,
Until one's dying day, Sir
Ho! down with the Navy, down the drain!
Let's sing, shout, print and pray, Sir.*

When wicked William thought to clean
The slate of England's glory,
Once more enacted then was seen
The old and sordid story:
The Fleet remained within its base
(Silent in moderation),
Nor issued forth until had peace
Dispelled all provocation.

*CHORUS: So this is the law, one will maintain,
Until one's dying day, Sir
Ho! down with the Navy, down the drain,
Down, down and never cry "stay"; Sir.*

Though ne'er stalked hunger so before,
No U-Boats loomed so big, Sir
What purpose ships served in the War
One still can never twig, Sir;
Because all reason one's abjured
No fears need one engender,
Of thinking that the Fleet secured
This Island from surrender.

*CHORUS: Instead this law one will maintain
Until one's dying day,
Ho! down with the Navy, down the drain!
Such sooth let none gainsay, Sir.*

Since then the war days are over,
And peace is in succession,
'Tis more than waste, we Nordics swear
Of Fleets to keep possession.
Why, while there's air (some hot) should we
With ships and sailors palter?
Adastral House shall rule the sea
And wind be our exalter!

*CHORUS: So this is the law one will maintain,
Until one's dying day, Sir
Ho! down with the Navy, down the drain!
The sun's out, let's make hay, Sir.*

NOTE

C.G. Grey, Editor of "The Aeroplane" had his knife into the Navy for years, though he became less acrid later. His somewhat prosy style is reflected in the frequent "one's" in the song e.g. "One's dying day".

BOMBING SONG
(TUNE: *John Brown's Body*)

The skies are filled with roaring, and unutterably bored
We're bogging round the Carrier with practice bombs on board,
Wasting time and petrol we can very ill afford,
But Heifer-dust boys, drive on!

CHORUS:

Glory! Glory Alleluia!

Glory! Glory Alleluia!

Glory! Glory Alleluia!

Yes, Heifer-dust, boys, drive on!

He hath trumpeted "Reconnaissance is tiresome and effete,
You need to practice neither that nor Spotting for the Fleet,
One-way-traffic-bombing is the very best of meat",
So Heifer-dust boys, drive on!

In a beautiful formation the Air Striking Force you'll see;
It ought to fill with jealousy poor wops like you and me,
Say not "upon our proper job we'd far prefer to be",
But Heifer-dust, boys, drive on!

So we're coming like the Glory of the Morning on the Wave,
With someone's best intentions half the halls of hell to pave,
Though in fact our war-load's sugar-all, what more could mortal crave?
So Heifer-dust, boys, drive on!

THE BUCCANEER SONG
TUNE: *The Gasman Cometh*

'Twas on a Monday morning, the first launch was at eight
Six Vixens were to be launched, but five of them were late,
There was panic up in flyco, they did not know what to do,
So they launched the five spare Buccaneers to do what Vixens do.

CHORUS: *Oh it all makes work for the Buccaneers to do-oo-oo-oo-oooo*

'Twas on a Tuesday morning, a Gannet on low-see,
Sent to find a Krupney, which was far out at sea,
When suddenly his APS-20 went for a ball of chalk,
So they called upon the Buccaneers to do the Gannet's work.

'Twas on a Wednesday morning, the Choppers should have dunked,
But they got their balls in a twist and the sorties would have flunked,
When someone shouted "801 — they've never known defeat"
So they called upon a Buccaneer with its underwater seat.

'Twas on a Thursday morning, there was some mail ashore,
The courier was in FLY ONE, U/S, would fly no more,
The engineers were working hard 'twas all to no avail,
So they called upon the Buccaneers to go and fetch the mail.

'Twas on a Friday morning the tankers could not fly,
The Army wanted air support but nobody knew why,
We launched an "on call" Buccaneer — that ever useful plane,
And flew ashore and blew the wogs to hell and back again.

Now Saturday and Sunday are our days of rest,
The Vixens and the Gannets on the flight deck doing tests,
The Buccaneers are down below all handsome and sedate,
Awaiting Monday morning when the first launch is at eight

BALLS-UP
(TUNE: "The Hut Zat Song")

*CHORUS: There's a balls up on the flight deck
And the Wavy Navy's done it,
There's a faux-pas on the gangway
And they don't know who to blame.*

The K.G.V.'s ten miles astern,
She should be ten ahead
'Cos every turn by a makee-learn
Reads blue instead of red.

Twelve Albacores were neatly ranged
To bomb and blitz Bodo
Commander "F" was sold a pup
'Cos seven wouldn't go.

The Captain and Commander stood
A-talking on the rail
A-talking dirt and swopping skirt
From Hatston, Twatt and Crail.

There's 'reds' galore from an Albacore
Hell-diving for the drink
Di-dah di-dah comes from afar
As a Fulmar starts to sink.

A solitary straight "A" watched,
As the first one hit the barrier.
"My god! these H.O.'s may wear wings,
But they're damn all use on a carrier".

THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

The minstrels sing of an ancient King,
Who lived long years ago,
He ruled his land with an iron hand,
And his ways were mean and low.
He was very fond of hunting, within the Royal Wood,
He was very fond of apple pie and pulling the Royal Pud,
He was fat and forty and full of fleas,
And the Royal Tool hung down to his knees,
Cheers for the Bastard King of England.

Now the Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame,
And a sprightly dame was she,
She loved to fool with the Royal Tool,
Of the King across the sea.
So she sent a Royal message by a Royal messenger,
To ask the King to come and spend a month in bed with her.
Fun for the Bastard King of England.

Now Philip of France he shat his pants
When this news to him was brought,
He said "She loves my rival,
Just because my tool is short."
So he sent the Count of Zipitizap,
To give the Queen a dose of clap.
Bad for the Bastard King of England.

When the news of this foul deed was brought,
To England's ancient Halls,
The King he swore by the Royal whore,
To have King Philip's balls.
So he offered half his kingdom and a fuck at Queen Citance,
To the Loyal, Royal son-of-a-bitch who would bugger the
King of France.
Good for the Bastard King of England.

So the Noble Duke of Sussex,
He galloped across to France,
He swore he was a Nancy, so
The King took down his pants.
Then he fastened a thong round the Royal prong,
Mounted his horse and galloped along,
Back to the Bastard King of England.

Now all the whores of London were lined up on the walls,
When told to shout for the Bastard King the harlots shouted "Balls".
And the King threw up his breakfast, and grovelled on the floor,
For in the ride the Frenchman's pride
Had stretched a yard or more.
So Philip of France usurped the Throne,
His sceptre was the Royal bone.
The end of the Bastard King of England.

BOLLOCKY BILL THE SAILOR

"Who's that knocking at my door,
Who's that knocking at my door,
Who's that knocking at my door" said the fair young maiden.

"It's only me from over the sea" said Bollocky Bill the sailor.

*(Continue three times for each verse of the maiden and once
each for Bollocky Bill)*

Maiden: I'll come down and let you in.
Bill: And where am I going to sleep tonight.
Maiden: You may sleep upon the mat.
Bill: Oh, Bugger the mat, I can't sleep on that.
Maiden: You can sleep between my thighs.
Bill: What have you got between your thighs.
Maiden: I've got a pin cushion.
Bill: I've got a pin I will stick it in.
Maiden: But what if there should be a child.
Bill: strangle the bastard as soon as it's born.
Maiden: But what about the Police Force.
Bill: Bugger the Police and fuck the Force.
Maiden: But what if there should be an inquest
Bill: Stuff the inquest up your arse.
Maiden: When shall I see you again.
Bill: Never no more you fucking old whore.

THE BARRACK GATE

At the last sound of the trumpet there came a little strumpet
To the Barrack Gate.

But that martinet the Colonel, (Blast his soul to flames eternal)
Said in voice irate,

"Pleasures such as fornication are for those of higher station,
Pastures of the great!"

And he said unto the sentry "Take and cast her through the entry
By the Barrack Gate."

But there came a little drummer, turned her up — tried to bum 'er
By the Barrack Gate.

Then the Sergeant Drill Instructor laid her down and darned well fucked 'er
By the Barrack Gate.

And it sheds an amber tear showing signs of gonorrhea
Sorry to relate.

Colonels, Majors, you had better use a waterproof french-letter
When you fornicate.

Sergeants, when you're feeling randy keep some disinfectant handy
By the Barrack Gate!

THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK

The boy stood on the burning deck, his arse against the mast,
His arse against the mast,
He said he would not move a step till Oscar Wilde had passed,
Till Oscar Wilde had passed.

*CHORUS: Star of the evening pretty little evening staaar,
Star of the evening shining on the shithouse door.*

But Oscar was a wily bird he threw the boy a plum,
He threw the boy a plum,
And when he went to pick it up he leaped upon his bum,
He leaped upon his bum.

But the boy was up to all the tricks, he'd been to Public School,
He'd been to Public School,
He gave his pretty arse a twist and fractured Oscar's tool,
And fractured Oscar's tool.

BYRON'S ENCHANTMENT

'Twas on a warm and sunny day, as on my garret couch I lay;
 My thoughts, for I was dreaming half, were broken by a silvery laugh
 Which fell upon my startled ear clearly, distinct and very near.
 I rose and followed up the sound and in the wall a crevice found,
 Above the ground some five feet high, to which I placed my prying eye
 And was rewarded with a sight which filled and thrilled me with delight.
 A youth and maid were in the room, and both in youth and beauty's bloom,
 She seemed an age about sixteen, whilst he some summers more had seen,
 And by the way they kissed and squeezed each with the other seemed well pleased.
 Their dress was very light, for she was dressed alone in her chemise
 While he, the youth, did also lack all but one garment to his back.
 And there that beauteous maid and youth still hugged and kissed, still hugged and
 played,

The while his free hand wandered o'er the charms beneath the garb she wore,
 And warming thence he bade her lift up to her slender waist the shift —
 The which she did and thus displayed the fairest limbs that e'er were made
 To lover's kindling eye presented, but he alas was not contented
 And bade her swift to cast aside the garb that did her beauty hide:
 And she, responsive to his call, let the offending garment fall
 And stood like some fair statuette, fairer likeness though than man could get
 In nakedness, a radiant thing, a form of God's own chiselling,
 Her swelling globes, her pouting tits, her snow-white neck where beauty sits,
 Her curved abdomen and her loins, where each plump thigh its sister joins,
 Her firm white legs so straight and neat, which tapered to her tiny feet,
 Her shapely arms and rosy skin revealing currents warm therein —
 All this he saw, but fixed his eyes most on the part between her thighs,
 The dewy entrance to her heart lay like a rosebud lips apart.
 Now this was not like many girls', as yet unhid by shady curls
 But by a down as one might find upon the luscious peach's rind,
 Though still its coral lips displayed, undimmed by capillary shade,
 But to my tale — the youth was left still gazing at the open cleft,
 Wherein his fingers oft did ply and raised his passion thus so high
 That casting off his garment there he stood naked like the fair,
 And with one arm round her entwined felt every part, before, behind.
 Nor was she idle, for her hand felt something which it hardly spanned
 And as it rose she took the dart, which oft had nearly reached her heart —
 Then as her grasp she did resign his fingers opened love's new shrine,
 Wherein with fullness of intent the sturdy uncapped pilgrim went,
 But in the rosy gates he lingers detained by her encircling fingers,
 Till with sensation known to wives deep in the gaping cave he dives
 And through and through triumphant goes right through the centre of the rose,
 Till with one last convulsive throw she feels love's burning lava flow.
 Then on her back supinely laid she to her panting lover said
 "Ah love, I vow, though I'm undone never had I a sweeter one,
 Not since you first did shyly steal your hand beneath my garb to feel
 What you now feel, and to my eyes displayed a thing of such a size
 That I was frightened at the look till it within my hand I took,
 And when at last upon this bed you stormed and took my maidenhead
 I felt with each deep driving thrust that kindred joy — provoking lust."

BRIAN BORU

*CHORUS: Hi g'lee, hi g'light,
It's a bloody fine song I could sing it all night.*

Now talking of fucking well fucking's all right,
I once fucked a girl forty times in a night,
And each time I fucked her I shot her a quart,
If you don't call that fucking you fucking well ought.

Now old Mrs. Riley she had a dun cow,
To milk that brown beastie she didn't know how.
She pulled on its tail instead of its tit,
And poor mother Riley got covered in shit.

Young Mary McGuire was a whore of renown.
The tracks of her arse were all over the town.
Her tariff was fourpence she never charged higher,
Fair fuck was the watchword of Mary McGuire.

Now Barny O'Flynn was a lad you should meet,
He'd clap from his head to the soles of his feet.
A globule of mercury hung from his chin,
"Begob oi am rotten" said Barny O'Flynn.

Young Brian Boru was a foine sort of lad,
There wasn't a stricture that he hadn't had.
And when he made water 'twas orange and blue,
"'Tis the ould oirish colours" said Brian Boru.

A policeman was walking one day on his beat,
When he heard a commotion way down on the street.
He turned round the corner and looked up on high,
And a can of hot shit hit him right in the eye.

He looked to the East and he looked to the West,
And another great turd hit him right on the chest.
He looked to the North and he looked to the South,
And a fucking great lump hit him right in the mouth.

That policeman was angry, that policeman was sore,
He called Mrs. Riley a clap stricken whore.
And now at the end of our street does he sit,
With a card round his neck saying "blinded by shit!"

THE BRIEFING SONG
(TUNE: *Chatanooga Choo-Choo*)

Pardon me chums, there's just a little concentration
Of a hundred Chinese,
Lying under some trees.
So pardon me chums, they need a little quick attention,
Just bombs or R/P's — from a Div. of Furies.

You'll fly to 'X-ray', then to Changyon, up the rail to Sinchon,
Turn north at the Reservoir and make for Sam Bong,
There you'll find the bastards,
Leave them truly plastered,
Feeling pretty buggered and considerably blasted.

Carry out a recce. and report to "Kodak",
Mind the flak positions when you get to Amgak,
How far does the ice go?
Does it reach to Chodo?
'Hello Sitting Duck' — oh, there you are!

Oh, pardon me chums, just keep your sights right on the target,
Just give them a squirt,
And watch those Chinks hit the dirt.
They're going to squeal until they're sure that you will not
come back,
And for your information we've no new plotted flak.

THE BRITISH GONORRHEA
(TUNE: *The British Grenadiers*)

Some die of diabetes and some of diarrhoea
Some die of drinking whisky and some of drinking beer
But of all the world's diseases there's none that can compare
With the drip, drip, drip from the end of your prick
Of the British Gonorrhea.

CATS ON THE ROOF TOPS.

(TUNE: John Peel)

CHORUS: *Cats on the roof tops, Cats on the tiles,
Cats with syphilis, Cats with piles,
Cats with their arseholes wreathed in smiles
As they revel in the joys of copulation.*

The Donkey is a solitary moke
He very very seldom gets a poke
But when he does, he lets it soak
As he revels ... etc.

Hippopotamus so it seems
Very seldom has wet dreams
But when he does he comes in streams
As he revels ... etc

Poor old Bovine, poor old Bull
Very seldom gets a pull
But when he does the cow is full,
As they revel ... etc.

Poor little tortoise in his shell
Doesn't manage very well
But when he does he fucks like hell
As he revels ... etc.

Now the hairy old Gorilla is a sedentary ape
Who very seldom does much rape
But when he does he comes like tape
As he revels ... etc.

Bow-legged women shit like goats
Bald headed men all fuck like stoats
While the congregation sits and gloats
And revels ... etc.

Now I met a girl and she was a dear,
But she gave me a dose of Gonorrhea,
Fools rush in where Angels fear
To revel ... etc.

When you wake up in the morning and you're feeling full of joy
And your wife isn't willing and your daughter isn't coy
Then you've got to use the arsehole of your eldest boy
As you revel ... etc.

When you wake up in the morning with a ten inch stand
And there isn't any woman in the whole of the land,
Then there's nothing for it but to use your hand
As you revel in the joys of copulation.

COCAINE BILL

Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue
Walking down 5th Avenue

*CHORUS: Honey have a (sniff) have a (sniff) on me
Honey have a (sniff) on me*

Said Cocaine Bill to his Morphine Moll
There ain't no sense in alcohol

From Broadway to the state of Maine
They went in search of more Cocaine.

They came to a drug store painted green
The sign outside said 'No Morphine.'

They came to a drug store painted red
The sign it said Try Coke instead.

They went down to the riverside
And there committed suicide.

Now in the graveyard on the hill
Lies the body of Cocaine Bill.

From ashes to ashes and dust to dust
If the Lord don't get you the cocaine must.

Now this little story goes to show
There is no sense in sniffing snow

Praise my soul it is the Lord
Coming in to land onboard
Listening out on Channel 'B'
Singing honey have (sniff) have a (sniff) on me.

COO! WHAT A SILLY IDEA!

While flying one day in a "Short",
Doing W/T don't you know,
 With the aerial out about four hundred feet,
 The Pilot looked over and saw something neat,
So earthwards we started to go.
And when we had got pretty low
 He said to me — "Just wind the aerial in, put on all
 The brakes and then shove in the pin".

I said — "Coo What a silly idea!
 Coo What a silly idea!
It's already wound up with two kids in a pram,
A bathing machine, and a South Parade tram;
Wind the bally thing in? No, I'm damned if I can!
 Coo What a silly idea!"

Our "buzzer" is bright but not brilliant:
Say ten-words-per-min., more or less.
 Comrade Trewin said "You'll have to buzz at high speed,
 Twenty-two words per minute is what you will need,
And you'll certainly be in a mess
If you can't read code, cypher and press,
 And they never make press at less than eighteen
 Or about twenty-two; well you know what I mean".

I said — "Coo What a silly idea!
 Coo What a silly idea!
I might with an effort read twelve, it is true;
You can sit down and buzz yourself blue,
Bit I'm sugared if I'M going to read twenty-two!
 Coo What a silly idea!"

NOTE

*A very old FAA song dating from early Lee days, by
M. Farquhar (original Naval Observer's Course).
Trewin (verse 2 line 3) was an instructor, at one time
an Assistant Paymaster RN, and flew as an observer
at Jutland.*

THE CHANDLER'S BOY
(TUNE: *The Thing*)

The Boy went into the Chandler's shop
Some matches for to buy
He looked around, around he looked,
But no one did he spy.
He cried aloud, aloud he cried
With a voice to wake the dead
When he heard a kind of a "Rat-tat-tat"
right above his head
When he heard a kind of a "Rat-tat-tat"
right above his head

Now the boy was of an inquiring mind
So he quickly climbed the stair
And the door of the room was open
And the Chandler's wife was there.
The Chandler's wife lay on the bed
A man between her thighs
And they were having a "Rat-tat-tat"
right before his eyes,
And they were having a "Rat-tat-tat"
right before his eyes.

Oh Boy, Oh Boy, my secret keep
And for me tell a lie,
For if the Chandler should hear of this
He'd beat me till I cry.
And if you promise to be good
I'll always to you be kind
And you shall have a "Rat-tat-tat"
whenever you feel inclined
And you shall have a "Rat-tat-tat"
whenever you feel inclined.

The Chandler returned and entered the shop,
He quickly smelt a rat,
Seeing his wife all naked there
Her hand upon her twat.
The Chandler's wife ran to the room
Expecting the Boy had fled,
But he was having a "Rat-tat-tat"
all by himself in bed
But he was having a "Rat-tat-tat"
all by himself in bed.

CHIN CHIN — CHINAMAN

Chin Chin Chinaman, walking down the Strand,
Stony-broke, wants a poke, penis in his hand,
Up comes Posy Lil, he doesn't care a rap,
Three days later, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP!

A CURSE

May bleeding piles torment you,
And corns invest your feet,
May crabs as big as spiders,
Attack your balls for meat,
And when you're old and weary,
And you feel a bloody wreck,
May you fall back through your arsehole,
And break your bloody neck.

CRAVEN A

Listen to my story kindly if you will
About a bastard born in Muswell Hill
Born in Muswell Hill but spawned in Camberwell
And the first words he spoke were "Bloody Fucking Hell".

CHORUS

*Craven A never heard of copulation
Craven A never dipped his tool
Craven A quite content with masturbation
Thought a cunt was something you were called at school*

OR

*Craven A never heard of copulation
Craven A never had his greens
Craven A quite content with masturbation
Fooling with his foreskin in the school latrines.*

Now Jenny was a prostitute of Cambridge town
She garamouched a Proctor in his cap and gown
And then she told that Proctor which she didn't ought
That she'd never seen a bastard with a tool so short.

Now the Proctor very quickly up and told that whore
He'd a cousin who had never seen a cunt before
And he wrote to Craven A saying quickly pack your things
For the shooting season opens on the fourth at Kings

Craven's entry to the Varsity was quite grotesque
He went and laid his penis on his tutor's desk
His tutor said, "Please bring it at a later date
I'll be very glad to use it as a paper weight".

The Proctor said to Craven "One thing I must impress
Never masturbate in academic dress
But Craven just to show he didn't give a fuck
Tossed himself off in the teapot shouting "that's for luck".

Now quickly Craven found that after they had dined
All the undergrads line up for what they call a grind
So he hid beneath the bed despite the awful smell
And when the others came Craven came as well.

Now Jenny had a daughter who was small and wee
She used to take her cunt up with the morning tea
Now he's through her so often that the courts declare
Her vagina constitutes a legal thoroughfare.

COME ON BOYS

Come on boys drinks all round, let's have a jolly good supper.
One man in bed with another man's wife is a fool if he doesn't
Send his boys to school, send his boys to school,
Before he's learnt his ABC he's playing with his tool.
Mrs. Murphy had two rabbits one of them a buck,
She put them in a rabbit hutch to see if they would
Rule Britannia two monkeys up a stick,
One put his finger where he should have put his
P stands for pudding, R I stands for rice
C U stands for something else it's naughty but it's
Blackpool is the place for me, there's fishing and there's rock,
I never use my fishing rod, I always use my
Pretty little finger so slender and so slim,
I can get all five of them inside my girlfriend's
Pockets are so useful when you're out of luck,
Do not spend your last three ha'pence on a damned good
Turkish bath and manicure to make yourself look smart,
When you're at the dinner table never let a

Swear word pass your lips please refrain from humming
Do not tell your best girl so even when you're
Coming to the Station yard to see the engines shunt,
A piece of steel flew off the wheel and hit her in the
Country Girls are pretty lying in the grass,
They kick their legs up over and show their dirty
Ask old Brown to supper, ask old Brown to tea,
If he doesn't come just tickle his bum with a stick of celery.
Cock a doodle doo, cock a doodle doo,
If he doesn't come just tickle his bum with a cock a doodle doo.

COWPUNCHER'S WHORE

Way down in Wyoming where the bullshit lies thick,
Where cowpunchers gamble and babies come quick,
I met Carolina the girl I adore,
The pride of the prairie, the Cowpuncher's whore.

*CHORUS: Carolina, Carolina,
She's sweet Carolina, the Cowpuncher's whore.*

She's poxy, she's filthy, she pees in the street,
If you ever meet her she's always on heat,
Your buttons fly off as she grabs for your meat,
The stench of her fanny knocks you right off your feet.

Once I was out riding by Alberry Falls,
One hand on my saddle, one hand on my balls,
I met Carolina with a bloody great stick,
She was trying to use it instead of a prick.

I undressed her I caressed her I laid her out bare,
Then quickly I parted that great mass of hair,
And then I inserted the knob of my horse,
Which led to some moments of sweet intercourse.

Faster and faster went my gallant steed,
And poor Carolina rejoiced at the speed,
And then when my noble horse started to spit,
He shot Carolina right into the shit.

"Oh gee", she exclaimed, "what a glorious fuck",
As at last she revived all covered in muck,
And then with a moan she collapsed on the floor,
And that was the end of the cowpuncher's whore.

COLOMBUS

In fourteen hundred and ninety two a dago from Italy
Roamed up and down the streets of Spain and pissed in every alley.

CHORUS

*He knew the world was round about he knew it could be found out
The hydrographical, mathematical son of a bitch Colombus.*

He went before the Queen of Spain and asked for ships and cargo,
He said I'll be a sonofabitch if I don't bring back Chicago.

But forty days and forty nights they sailed the broad Atlantic,
And for a little piece of tail his crew were getting frantic.

Colombus looked and saw the shore 'twas in the line of duty,
And on that shore he spied a whore by god she was a beauty.

That night she came upon the ship and off came coats and collars,
In 15 minutes by the clock she made ten thousand dollars.

She took those sailors one by one that lovely naked Venus,
And when they'd been, a week at sea, they'd pimples on their penis.

They sailed back home, the Queen of Spain she had Columbus knighted,
He stayed for tea, they went to bed and, boy, was he delighted.

Those sailors fucked their sweethearts well, they fucked their wives and daughters,
They worked fast, until at last, they'd stopped up all their waters.

And so at last the story ends, a sticky end I fear.
It's true they found America but also Gonorrhoea.

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine
Thou art lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Hit her foot against a splinter
Fell into the foaming brine.

Saw her lips above the water
Blowing bubbles mighty fine,
But alas! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

Then the miner, forty niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he oughter jine his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garlands soaked in brine;
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I draw the line.

How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine,
But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine.

CYRIL THE INTREPID BIRDMAN

All hail the intrepid birdman and Cyril was his name,
'Twas in the good ship Khedive that first he made his name,
'Twas a gin tossed night in the wardroom when first he took the air,
The liquor was flowing freely and Navarine too was there.
He took off by the fireplace, he climbed and soared around,
To the wonder of the multitude all drinking on the ground,
The batsman's name was Shaggers, a drinking man but cool,
But the way he batted Cyril was really "somefink crool",
His height and speed were perfect as he came in to land,
The watching crowd stood breathless for they were all three parts canned.
The batsman raised his arms up and Cyril rose up too,
And then the "Cut" and the silly mutt like an arrow down he flew,
He did not prang the hearthrug but straight to the corticene,
With a muffled bang he made his prang and we saw that he had "Been".

They lifted up the shattered wreck and put it on a chair,
And the very next day in the nice sick bay the doctor did his share.
They put him on the sick list and he's almost better now,
But he's grounded for the duration and I've just told you how,
Beware of drinking batsmen when the wine is flowing free,
And if you let them "Bat" you in you're a better man than me,
So all hail to the intrepid birdman, remember his name with pride,
Who in a gin tossed night in the wardroom, was taken for a ride.

THE DIRGE OF 849
(TUNE: *Eton Boating Song*)

They're lowering the standards for Aircrew,
General List Officers as well,
Observers get lost in the BUNDU,
And Pilots get drunk in the BELL

CHORUS

*Oh! We'll all pull together,
The A.48 as well,
Oh! we'll all pull together,
For flying the Gannet is hell.*

They're lowering the standards for Aircrew,
Pilots who can't read or write,
By day they just sleep or drink coffee,
And go GAFFING women at night.

They're lowering the standards for Aircrew,
Men you won't normally meet,
They get drunk on Brandy and Whisky,
And they park COOKIES right in the street.

They're lowering the standards for Aircrew,
Don't know how an aeroplane works,
It's all this new co-education,
At school they just learn to lift skirts.

They're lowering the standards for Aircrew,
Some pilots act quite strange and coy,
This often confuses the M.O.
Who can't decide if SHE'S a BOY.

They're lowering the standards for Aircrew,
It's all dirty books, film shows too,
They ask fifteen shillings to see them,
We all pay our cash — wouldn't you?

They're lowering the standards for Aircrew,
Lowsee and mutuals by night,
By day we do Distrike and Recce,
All work and no play — is it right?

They're lowering the standards for Aircrew,
It's all sex and drinking and mirth,
Ask the Boss what he'd do as a C.O.,
He'll say — 'Have them strangled at birth'.

Now all you young maidens forgive us,
If we seduce you — or worse,
Don't blame the poor men, blame the system,
For standards go on getting worse.

DARK AND DREAMY EYES

There were three whores of Pompey town
Drinking of blood red wine,
And the subject of their converse was
"Is your cunt bigger than mine?"
Now up spoke Bloody Mary, her cunt as big as hell,
And in it was a lighthouse and a battleship as well.

*CHORUS: She had those dark and dreamy eyes
And a whizzbang up her jacksie,
She was one of those flash eyed whores,
One of the old brigade.*

Now the next one was a sailor's wife and she was dressed in blue
And in one corner of her funny little thing she stowed a seaboat's crew,
She stowed a seaboat's crew my boys the rowlocks and the oars,
And in the other corner Naval Airmen forming fours.

Now the next one was a fisherman's wife and she was dressed in black,
And in one corner of her funny little thing she stowed a fishing smack,
She stowed a fishing smack my boys some whitebait and some dabs,
And in the other corner a colossal dose of crabs.

Now the next one was an engineer's wife and she was dressed in green,
And in one corner of her funny little thing she stowed a soup tureen,
She stowed a soup tureen my boys the ladles and the soup,
And in the other corner Naval Airmen looping the loop.

Now the next one was a Fighter Pilot's wife and she was dressed in white,
And in one corner of her funny little thing she stowed a Seafire flight,
She stowed a Seafire flight my boys the cannons and the guns,
And in the other corner going Guns.

Now the next one was a brewer's wife and she was dressed in grey,
And in one corner of her funny little thing she stowed a brewer's dray,
She stowed a brewer's dray my boys the barrels and the beer,
And in the other corner Syphilis and Gonorrhoea.

The next one was a Pongo's wife and she was dressed in red,
And in one corner of her funny little thing she stowed a horse's head,
She stowed a horse's head my boys the bridles and the bit,
And in the other corner Naval airmen shovelling shit.

Now the next one was a C.P.O.'s wife and she was dressed in puce,
And in one corner of her funny little thing she practised self-abuse,
She practised self-abuse my boys in forty different ways,
And in the other corner was Willmott buggering Hayes.

Now the next one was a cricketer's wife and she was dressed in vermilion,
And in one corner of her funny little thing she stowed the Lord's pavilion,
She stowed the Lord's pavilion boys the batsman and his duck,
And in the other corner the remains of last night's fuck.

Then up there spake the barman's wife and she was dressed in yellor
And in one corner of her funny little thing she had the whole wine cellar,
She had the whole wine cellar, boys, with barrels full of beer
And in the other corner she had pox and gonorrhoea.

Then up there spake the airman's wife and she was dressed in beige
And in one corner of her funny little thing she had a Handley Page,
She had a Handley Page my boys with joystick and its knob
And in the other corner were two Naval airmen on the job.

Then up there spake the actor's wife who was also dressed in beige,
And in one corner of her funny little thing she had the Windmill stage,
She had the Windmill stage my boys the gallery and stalls
And in the other corner she had C.B. Cochrane's balls.

Then up there spake the observer's wife and she was dressed in chrome
And in one corner of her funny little thing she had the aerodrome,
She had the aerodrome my boys the bombers and the troops
And in the other corner there were Barras looping loops.

And then there was the ops room girl — she was a little WAAF
And in one corner of her funny little thing she had the ops room staff,
She had the ops room staff my boys all fucking there like hell
And in the other corner she had signals staff as well.

And then up spake the telephine girl and she was dressed very strange
And in one corner of her funny little thing she had the camp exchange,
She had the camp exchange my boys the wires and all the switches
And in the other corner Little F had left his breeches.

And last there spake the Lieutenant's wife and she was dressed so poor
And in her palmy days my boys she'd been a Pompey whore
She'd been a Pompey whore my boys and her price was half a crown,
But now that she's got married her price is coming down.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

The first time I met her she was dressed all in brown,
All in brown all in brown, I took her knickers down;
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I met her she was dressed in white,
All in white all in white, by George her cunt was tight;
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I met her she was dressed in green,
All in green all in green, I filled her soup tureen;
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I met her she was dressed in fawn,
All in fawn all in fawn, two little bastards born;
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The next time I met her she was dressed in red,
All in red all in red, two little bastards dead;
Down in the valley where she followed me.

The last time I met her she was dressed in black,
All in black all in black, boards nailed across her crack;
Down in the valley where she followed me.

DINAH

Dinah Dinah show us your leg,
Show us your leg show us your leg,
Dinah Dinah show us your leg,
A yard above the knee.

A rich girl wears a brassiere,
A poor girl uses string,
But Dinah wears nothing at all.
She lets the bastards swing.

A rich girl rides a limousine,
A poor girl rides a truck,
But the only ride that Dinah gets
Is when she has a fuck.

A rich girl wears a ring of gold,
A poor girl one of brass,
But the only ring that Dinah has,
Is the ring around her arse.

A rich girl uses vaseline,
A poor girl uses lard,
But Dinah uses axle grease,
Because her cunt's so hard.

DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

I'm going to lay down my heavy load,
Down by the Riverside,
Down by the Riverside,
Down by the Riverside,
I'm going to lay down my heavy load,
Down by the Riverside,

I ain't a-gonna study war no more (*Chorus*)

I'm going to lay down my sword and shield etc (*Chorus*)

I'm going to put on my travellin' shoes etc. (*Chorus*)

I'm going to put on my long white robe etc. (*Chorus*)

I'm going to put on my starry crown etc. (*Chorus*)

THE DARKY SUNDAY SCHOOL

Adam was the first man, he lived all alone,
Till Eve was manufactured out of Adam's collar bone,
Then old father Adam had no cause to fret or grieve,
For he could flirt about the garden the whole day long with Eve.

CHORUS

*Old Folks, Young Folks — Everybody come,
Join the Darky Sunday School and make yourselves at home,
Bring your sticks of chewing gum and squat upon the floor,
And we'll tell you bible stories that you've never heard before.*

Esau was a rancher of the wild and woolly West,
His father left him half his goods, his brother pinched the rest,
But when he saw the title deeds were not exactly clear,
He sold the whole caboodle for a sandwich and a beer.

Mr. Lott and Mrs. Lott, they went for a stroll,
Mr. Lott felt chilly and said "I'm feeling cold";
Mrs. Lott she turned back, just to get his jacket
Now she's sold as table salt at threepence a packet.

Elijah was a prophet and he travelled round the fairs,
He'd a box of patent medicine and a cage of dancing bears,
He prophesied successfully 'most every afternoon,
And at evening he ascended in his patent fire balloon.

Jonah was a landsman, he thought he'd like a sail,
So he booked a steerage passage in a transatlantic whale,
But when the fishy atmosphere pressed heavy on his chest,
Jonah pressed a button, and the whale just did the rest.

Elisha was a prophet and his head was rather bare,
The children shouted "Shiny top — why don't you cut your hair".
This angered old Elisha, so he called his brindled pup,
Which, being fond of children, promptly ate the blighters up.

Shadrak, Meshak and Abednigo
Annoyed the King of Babylon who said they had to go;
He put 'em in a furnace and he thought they'd burn like chaff,
But they wore asbestos underwear and gave the King the laugh.

Pharoah had a daughter who went to bathe in Nile,
There she found young Moses, the baby infantile;
She brought him back and the people living round about,
Thought it rather funny but gave her the benefit of the doubt.

DAHN THE PLUG 'OLE

A woman was bathing her baby one night,
The youngest of seven — the poor little mite;
The muvver was poor and the baby was fin,
'Twas only a skeleton covered wiv skin.

The muvver turned round for the soap on the rack,
She was only a moment, but when she looked back
'Er baby 'ad gorn. In anguish she cried;
"Oh, where is my baby?" The angels replied:
"Your baby 'as gorn dahn the plug;
Your poor little fing was so tiny and fin,
It should 'ave been barded in a jug.
Your baby is perfectly happy,
You won't see its face anymore,
Your baby 'as gorn dahn the plug'ole,
Not lorst — Just gorn before.

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW?

(TUNE: Sailors' Hornpipe)

Tiddly winks young man, get a woman if you can,
If you can't get a woman get a clean old man.
From the lofty heights of Malta to the shores of old Gibraltar
Can you do the double shuffle with your balls in a can?

Do your balls hang low, can you swing 'em to and fro?
Can you tie 'em in a knot, can you tie 'em in a bow?
Can you swing 'em o'er your shoulder like a European soldier?
Can you do a double shuffle, do your balls hang low?

Do your balls hang tight, can you hide 'em in a fight?
Can you tuck 'em 'neath your arm, can you keep 'em out of sight?
Are they tough enough to buckle up another man's hard knuckles?
Can you do a double shuffle, do your balls hang tight?

Do your balls hang loose, as loose as a goose?
Can you slide 'em down the hall, can you bounce 'em off the wall?
Does it really make you stammer when you hit 'em with a hammer?
Can you do a double shuffle, do your balls hang loose?

Do your balls hang down, way down to the ground?
Can you slide 'em on the ice, can you crack 'em in a vice?
Does it make your breath come quick when you stick 'em with a pick?
Can you do a double shuffle when your balls hang down?

DUAL CONTROL

Oh come with me my lady and together let us fly,
And I will teach you all I know when we are in the sky,
Though the Harvard may be grisly I will try and make it do,
When I have a spot of dual control with you.

You'll learn exactly how (and what) to take off and perhaps,
You'll not feel too embarrassed when lowering your flaps,
There is one way up the runway I am anxious to pursue,
When I have a spot of dual control with you.

But when you're warmed up properly you'll realize the thrills,
Of lifting up your undercart and opening your gills,
You'll be purring to the whirring of my variable screw,
When I have a spot of dual control with you.

If when I flash my weapon you should do a barrel roll,
With the joystick in your cockpit you must exercise control,
For to get your carburettor flooded out would never do,
When I have a spot of dual control with you.

But if you think that all is lost then do not be a dunce,
Just call on Doctor Homer to prescribe for you at once,
So be clever dear and never let yourself get overdue,
When I have a spot of dual control with you.

DEAN COPE

Dean Cope, that eminent Divine,
Was breakfasting at half past nine;
Perusing as he munched his toast,
The *Anglican* or *Churchman's Post*.
When in there blew to his distress
The bishop of the diocese.
He shouted "Cheerio old chap"
And gave the Dean a hearty slap.
Alas! What ill-timed bonhomie.
The Dean inhaled his kedjeree
And turning, with his face all black
He slapped that breezy bishop back.

Both lost their tempers there and then
And in a trice those holy men
Began with most *unholy* zeal
To throw the remnants of the meal
At one another. Buttered eggs
Bespattered aprons; gaitered legs
Were splashed with bacon; bits of sole
Fell thick on cassock, alb and stole.
And when at last the luckless Dean
Slipped on a pat of margarine,
The bishop took a careful shot
And brained him with the mustard pot.
A sight to make the angels weep!
How scandalised the local sheep
Who read descriptions of the scene
In every Parish Magazine.
The Diocese was deeply shocked:
The Dean, degraded and unfrocked,
Took refuge in a city slum
— Lay reader to the deaf and dumb.
The bishop lost his See and sank
To rural prebendary's rank.
No longer in his breezy way
He chants the collect for the day
Or says what special hymns there be
For those of riper years at sea.
At Mattins and at Evensong
His cry goes up: "How long, how long?"
His moans are heard through aisle and apse,
Bewailing his untimely lapse,
Repenting of his *hideous* crime
Of *Being Bright at Breakfast Time!*

EAGLE SONG

I'm the famous Dean, the Wandering Leader,
I wave-a da flag,
I make-a da cag.
Alone, I stand upon the flying deck-a.
Da hairs on my knees
Dey wave in da breeze.

CHORUS

*For we all come from the Eagle,
And we "barker" every day
And although it is illegal
On the flying deck we stay.*

I'm the fattest man in all the Eagle,
I sweat at da pores,
I keep-a da stores,
I used to be da backbone of da army,
I get-a too stout,
So dey chuck-a me out.

I'm da Coston Gun, da Senior Looker
I drink-a da wine,
I shoot-a da line.
I gather all the other Lookers round me,
We have-a da talk
Then we make-a da caulk.

I'm the famous Paymaster "Expenses".
I run-a da mess,
'Zob xciterimis'.
Da messman come to me, he say "ow signor",
No get-a da egg!
(He pull-a my leg).

I'm da Commandante of da Dart Flight,
I drop-a da fish,
Whenever you wish.
One day we had to land upon "Courageous"
Some people dey tink
We go for a drink.

I'm the rather portly Mellin Williams,
Blood pressure too high
I cannot think why.
Da Doc. he say "you got-a to stop-a da boozing"
We have-a da cag.
But I go on da Wag!

(By L.G.B. Robinson and Peter Slessor, 1929)
"Barker" named after Doctor Barker, a keen sunbather.

EVERYTHING OVER CAMBRAI
(Parody on 'Everything is Peaches Down in Georgia')

Everything is splitarse over Cambrai,
What a peach of a height,
For a peach of a flight, believe me
There's a Fokker waiting up there for you,
Oh he's a peach of a Hun,
With a peach of a gun
Oh what a sod if he gets in the sun!
Mister Voss is bossing over Cambrai,
Always ready to shoot,
I bet he'll splitarse down at a hell of a rate
And you'll go home like an old Harry Tate!
'Cause everything is splitarse over Cambrai.

801 SONG
(TUNE: *Cigarettes and Whisky*)

We formed up at Lee in May '52,
Their Lordships said "It's the Far East for you
Far from the beer sold in old "Keepel's Head",
Work up in Malta, drink Anchor instead".

CHORUS

*Engine from Bristols and an airscrew from Rotols,
They drive us crazy, they give us a thirst.
Hawkers supply 'em and we like to fly 'em,
Hoggin' the hours, the Eight hundred and First.*

We flew out to Malta, we flew to the Med.,
The troops came the hard way in "Vengeance" instead.
Refuelled at Istres but made a small mess,
We passed 821 who had all gone U/S.

We flew for a couple of months from Hal Far,
Just a few yards from the "First and Last Bar",
The work went well but we got in a rut,
Each Saturday night found the boys down the gut.

To Barcelona for our summer cruise,
Five nights of women and five days of booze,
Came away feeling more dead than alive,
Ole! the Bull Fight! Ole! District Five!!

Eastward in "Glory" past Aden, and then
When off Malaya they gave us the gen,
Drop bombs in the Jungle throughout the day long,
For this rugged duty we'll give you a gong.

When up the coast we flew all daylight hours,
Flew before dawn and through all the snow showers;
Sorties were much less than two hours long,
But that's far too much when it's near Caeryong.

Cannons went U/S, kept jamming and so
Our armourers worked hard to make the guns go,
C-in-C Far East just hadn't a clue —
The ammo was made in 1942.

Out in Japan we all drank Nippon beer,
Drank it for Christmas and drank it New Year,
But something was added for Christmas wassail —
A pint of McEwans from "The Daily Mail".

The Japanese girls saw they had us in fits,
They flaunted their bodies and showed us their tits;
We were a long way from our home and hearth,
We made up for that with a Japanese bath.

We're leaving Korea at last for a while,
And N.A.2.S.L. is starting to smile,
But from now on until "Glory" passes Nab Light,
Drongo must keep the bar open all night.

821 SQUADRON SONG

At my Lords' annual meeting
With genius so fleeting
They put us together to work as a team;
Led by "Slug" Notley,
We'll fly so shit hotly
We'll be the crack squadron — or so it might seem.

FIRST CHORUS

*Sing — hi — ho — thro' space we're soaring
Dreaming of sinking pints back in the pub.
All set for attacking with Ash bombs a clacking
Searching the seas for a sign of a sub.*

We formed up at Condor
And there we grew fonder
Of Wren "O's" and booze than we ever had been;
"Slug" said you'll be famous,
If out of my anus
The sun in his glory continues to beam.

FIRST CHORUS

From Iceland to Mackers
We thought we'd go crackers
Six hours to Glasgow by Pony Express;
But by dint of some flying
Hard living, hard lying
We looked on the sheep and we couldn't care less.

FIRST CHORUS

Along came the day
When old "Slug" went away
And after him Nigel, a fucking good bloke;
He said to the Troggs
"You have gone to the dogs
You shouldn't have joined if you can't take a joke".

SECOND CHORUS

*Sing — hi — ho — thro' space we're soaring
Months without women are breaking my neck
When you get to Blighty
Remember twice nightly
Bracket the target and fire for effect.*

En route to Malta
We had a slight halte
At Istres-le-Tube where the tail wheels went flat;
We went to the village
The women to pillage
But vino and V.D. soon put paid to that.

SECOND CHORUS

At Malta and Gozo
The motto is "Go Slow"
Frustration, repression, is the rule at Hal Far;
So cheer up, me hearties,
And come to our parties.
Bugger the flying, let's buy a new car.

SECOND CHORUS

When the weather was clear
We pranged North Korea
In our Coalburners, — rattling old heaps;
Then, like Little Jack Horner,
We're in Padre's Corner
Telling the lads how we did it "Jeep, Jeep".

SECOND CHORUS

The Commander of "Glory"
Is aged and hoary
"L" san and Pay san are just as old too;
And when drinking's the order
PMO is no hoarder
And East is the beast — completing the crew.

Two Sargents to meet yet are Engines and Air
One's bust his booster, the other's "Grey Hair".

ESKIMO NELL

When men grow old and their balls grow cold, and the tips of their knobs turn blue,
They dream of a life midst Yukon strife, and they tell you a tale or two.
Now give me a seat and give me a pint, and a tale to you I'll tell
Of Dead Eyed Dick, and Mexican Pete and a harlot named Eskimo Nell.

Now, Dead Eyed Dick and Mexican Pete had been working Dead Men's Creek,
And they'd had no luck in the way of a fuck for well nigh on a week.
A moose or two, a caribou, a couple of cats or so,
But Dead Eyed Dick, with his mighty prick, had found the fucking slow.

So Dead Eyed Dick and Mexican Pete set out for the Rio Grande,
Dead Eyed Dick with his mighty prick and Pete with his gun in his hand,
They blazed a trail, that randy pair, their course no man withstood,
And many a bride who was hubby's pride, knew pregnant widowhood.

They hit the Strand of the Rio Grande at the height of a blazing noon,
And to quench their thirst and to do their worst, they sought Black Mike's saloon.
They crashed the swing doors open wide and both prick and gun flashed free,
"Whatever your sex, you bleedin' wrecks, you drinks or fucks with me!"

Well, they knew the ways of Dead Eyed Dick from the Grande to Panama
So with nothing worse than a muttered curse those dagos sought the bar.
The women too knew his playful ways, down on the Rio Grande,
So forty whores tore off their drawers at Dead Eyed Dick's command.

... IT WOULD SEEM TO BE AN
OPPORTUNE MOMENT TO PRACTICE
THE HYMNS FOR SUNDAY...



Walt.

Mexican Pete's fingers twitched on his pistol grip
So they didn't wait, but at a hurried rate, those whores began to strip.
And Dead Eyed Dick was breathing quick with lecherous snorts and grunts
For 40 asses were bared to view, to say nothing of 40 cunts.

Now 40 asses and 40 cunts, you'll see if you use your wits,
And if you're good at arithmetic, also makes 80 tits,
And 80 tits is a gladsome sight to a man with a mighty stand,
It may be rare in Berkeley Square but it's not in the Rio Grande.

Now Dead Eyed Dick had dipped his wick on the preceding night,
A thing he'd done just to show his fun and to whet his appetite,
So his phallic limb was in fighting trim as he backed and took a run
And made a jump at the nearest cunt and scored a hole in ...

Well, Dead Eyed Dick he finished quick and he flung the first aside,
And he made a dart at the second tart when the swing doors opened wide
And into that hall of sin there came, into that harlot's hell,
A lusty maid who was ne'er afraid, and her name was Eskimo Nell.

Dead Eyed had got his prick well into number Two
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell and shouted to him "Hey You!"
He gave a flick of his mighty prick and the girl flew over his head,
With a snarling shout he turned about, both his face and his prick were red.

But Eskimo Nell, she stood it well, she looked him between the eyes,
With a look of scorn for the mighty horn that rose from between his thighs.
She puffed a jet from her cigarette over his steaming knob,
And so taken aback was Mexican Pete he forgot to do his job.

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell, in accents clear and cool,
"Why, you cunt-struck simp of a Yankee pimp, d'you call that thing a tool?"
And this here town can't take it down" — she glanced at those cowering whores,
— "Well, there's one little cunt that can do the stunt, and it's Eskimo Nell's — not yours!"

She stripped her garments one by one with an air of conscious pride
Till forth she stood in her womanhood and they saw the great divide.
He bore her down to a table brown where someone had left a glass,
But she twitched her tits then smashed it to bits between the cheeks of her arse.

Now Dead Eyed Dick had seen this trick so he just took his time,
A wench like this was fucking bliss, so he played a pantomime.
He flicked his foreskin up and down and made his balls inflate,
Until they resembled the granite knobs that stand at a garden gate.

He winked his asshole in and out and his balls grew twice their size,
His mammoth prick grew twice as thick and reached up to his eyes.
He polished it up with alcohol just to make it steaming hot,
And to finish the job he sprinkled the knob from a Cayenne pepper pot.

Nell flexed her knees with a supple ease and she spread her legs apart,
And with a friendly nod to that randy sod she gave him his cue to start.
He didn't push at her hairy bush with one almighty leap,
He didn't swoop, but got down to a stoop and a steady forward creep.

As a gunman might he took a sight along that steaming tool,
And the dead slow way he put it in was calculating cool.
Nell took it in right up to her chin and gripped him like a vice,
But Dead Eyed Dick he rattled her like a set of liar dice.

Eskimo Nell was an infidel and she equalled a whole hareem,
She'd the strength of ten in her abdomen and a rock of ages beam.
Amidships she could stand a sea like the flush of a water-closet,
So she gripped his cock like the Chatwood lock of the National Safe Deposit.

Have you seen the mighty pistons work on a giant C.P.R.
With a driving force of a thousand horse, then you know what pistons are,
Or you think you do, but I'm telling you, you've yet to learn the trick
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run by a man like Dead Eyed Dick.

Dead Eyed Dick would not come quick, he meant to reserve his powers,
For when he had a mind he could grind and grind for a couple of solid hours.
But Nell lay awhile with a blissful smile, then the grip of her cunt grew keener,
And then with a sigh she sucked him dry with the ease of a vacuum cleaner.

She performed this feat in a way so neat as to set up a grave defiance
To the primary cause of those basic laws that govern sexual science.
She grimly rode through that Phallic Code that for years had stood the test,
And the ancient rules of ancient schools in a moment or two went west.

And now, my friends, we near the end of this copulatory epic;
The effect on Dick was neat and quick, 'twas akin to an anaesthetic.
As he fell to the floor, he knew no more, his passion extinct and dead,
His tool flopped out with one last spout which surely stripped the thread.

Now Mexican Pete jumped to his feet to avenge his friend's affront,
And his long nosed Colt, with a jarring jolt, he shoved right up her cunt.
He leaned his hip on the pistol grip and fired, twice times three,
But to his surprise she closed her eyes and smiled in ecstasy.

"Why, bully" she said, as she raised her head, "Why, bully" she said "for you,
Though I might have guessed that that was the best that pimps like you could do.
When next, my friends, you two intend to go out in search of fun
Buy Dead Eyed Dick a sugar-stick, and get yourself a gun.

For I must go back to the frozen North, where the pricks are hard and strong,
Back to the land of the mighty stand where the nights are six months long.
It's hard as tin when you get it in, in the land where spunk is spunk,
Not a dribbling stream of lukewarm cream, but a solid frozen chunk.

Back to the land where they understand what it means to copulate,
Where even the dead sleep two in a bed and the infants masturbate.
Back again to the land of men where their spunk comes as thick as gum,
Where my knees shall bend for a worthy end, for the North is calling "Come".

820 SQUADRON'S DANCE
(TUNE: *Phil the Fluter's Ball*)

Oh have you heard the story of the 820 Squadron's dance,
We didn't do much dancing, but we had some hardy plants,
Everone was in the Bar, a-propping up the wall,
For all the boys were screeching at 820 Squadron's Ball.

There was bags of beer, music dancing and frivolity
The Squadron's dags had brought their frip and the rest had picked up gash
The people who were dancing were far in the minority,
The C.O. tried to make a speech, and Bobby danced with Bash.

When the ball was nearly over, both the bars were fully packed
Mother Cox shaved off completely when she found her wrens were cacked
In spite of bottles since received, the view shared by all,
Three drunken wrens do not condemn 820 Squadron's ball.

EXCELSIOR

Listen chaps of blokes and coves and coots,
Shift your bastard carcasses, move your bloody boots.
Gird your fucking loins up, get your sodding gun,
Get the fucking enemy, watch the bastard run.

CHORUS

*Get a fucking move on, have some fucking sense,
Learn the fucking art of self de fucking-fence.*

Have some fucking brains beneath your fucking lids,
Drop a bleeding bomb for the missus and the kids.
Chuck supporting fucking posts, striking fucking light,
Support a fucking family and strike for all your rights.

When the fucking bugle sounds the ad-fucking-vance,
Don't be like a flock of sheep in a fucking trance.
Biff the fucking Jerry where it won't agree,
Spifler-fucking-cate him to all eternity.

Listen chaps of blokes and sods and mates,
Hear the fucking enemy kicking at the gates.
Blow the bloody bugle, beat the fucking drum,
Uppercut and out the cunt to Kingdom-fucking-come.

EASTERN FLEET SONG
(TUNE: *Bless 'Em All*)

They say that the Fleet came to Trincomalee,
Early in 'forty-four,
Heavily laden with men and with gen,
Bound for the Japanese war.
There's "Vic" and "Indom" and "Illustrious" too,
The "Indefat" came for the ride.
You get no promotion in the Indian Ocean,
We'd rather be back in the Clyde.

CHORUS

*In the Clyde, in the Clyde,
Where the runways are half a mile wide,
You get no promotion in the Indian Ocean
We'd rather be back in the Clyde.*

They say that the Racecourse is full of fine types,
And Puttalam's pilots are swell,
The Wrens down at Katararunda are nice,
But Minerva's climate is hell.
The Galle Face is galling, the Silver Fawn smells,
And Kandy's a hellava ride,
You get no promotion in the Indian Ocean,
We'd rather be back in the Clyde.

The booze is all rationed, the popsies are too,
The C.O. is getting the twitch,
I've had impetigo, foot-rot, prickly heat,
And everyone's got Dhobie's itch.
There's Corsairs and Hellcats all over the sky,
An Avenger's gone over the side,
You get no promotion in the Indian Ocean,
We'd rather be back in the Clyde.

FAIREY AVIATION COMPANY
(TUNE: *The A.25 Song*)

We've flown for a living, but also for fun,
And never relaxed till the work was all done,
But now that we're leaving we earnestly say,
It's a marvellous life and to hell with the pay.

CHORUS

*Cracking show, it's all past,
For the Gannet Mk. 3, they all say is the last.*

When sinking the Bismarck, the Swordfish was there,
From our Civil hanger it took to the air,
A very fine action, a very fine swirl,
But that man Kenneth Moore got away with the girl.

Confronted at first with a Barra Mk. One,
When designers and stressmen have finally done,
We turned to the Foreman and said "Tell me Jack,
Which is the fron end and which is the back?

The Firefly flew with remarkable grace,
An engine, a tail, and between them some space,
From a piloting viewpoint the finest design,
Was that Ringway production, the unmanned Mk. 9.

The Gannet was splendid, it went to the Fleet,
It worked very well and they thought it a treat,
The choppers came in and the Gannets went out,
Then the Choppers went in with a fine waterspout.

When Faireys invented triangular shapes,
We pilots got into some perilous scrapes,
But Four figured flight came, and here are our thanks
For it put us ahead of those four-lettered Yanks.

The Gannet Mk. 3 is the last they are aure,
We think it's been pregnant for eight months or more,
That radome's suspicious I'll bet two pounds ten,
That we've started production all over again.

We have to end up without tears in our eyes,
And let you all in on a lovely surprise,
We saved all our pennies and now we have got,
Enough to buy Westlands, the whole bloody lot.

NOTE

Written at the time of the Westland takeover in 1960.

THE FIGHTER PILOT
(TUNE: *The Minstrel Boy*)

The fighter pilot to the ship has gone,
On the Quarter-deck you'll find him.
His telescope beneath his arm,
And his sword belt slung behind him.
He sees defaulters every day,
And puts them in the rattle.
He always draws his flying pay,
But he never never goes to battle!

NOTE

Believed to have been written by Harry Barlow (1929) of 402 (F.F.) Flight, at a time when his Flight was retained onboard it's carrier during a Malta period, owing to insufficient accommodation at Hal Far. The song was a slightly ironical comment on the work they did in these circumstances.

FAREWELL

Two well-known Aviators are shortening their wings,
They've said goodbye to all of us and turned to other things,
We can't think how this happened, they've hardly reached their prime,
But the wind has blown from the West Land,
As it will from time to time.

CHORUS

*Farewell to dear old Gordon,
Farewell to Peter too,
Take care you aged faireys
The next one may be you.*

Yes, Peter Twiss is leaving, how sad to see him go,
We'll drink on his expenses at next year's Motor Boat show,
They say that boats are easy and flying isn't funny,
But as you know they loved it so, it wasn't for the money.

We hope they got a handshake,
Silver, gold or brass,
We know just what you're thinking,
And let the next rhyme pass.

The things we'll miss of Gordon,
Our stern but just Group Captain,
Such gentle ways with those at Hayes,
And the job that he was wrapped in,
When Westlands asked him if he'd sell,
Their products on the telly,
He took one look and in a voice that shook,
Replied "not on your nelly".

We welcome their successor whoever he may be,
It hasn't been announced yet, but I know it won't be me.
It could be Jim, but it isn't him,
Fixed wings are out you see.

ALL

*Hoorah for the helicopter,
It must be gell-at-ly.*

FLYING FLYING FORTRESSES (TUNE: John Brown's Body)

Flying Flying Fortresses at forty thousand feet,
Came an Me. 109, a piece of easy meat,
We'd bags and bags of ammo, and a teeny weeny bomb
And we dropped it from so high we don't know where the bastard's gone.

CHORUS

*We were only flying fortresses,
We were only flying fortresses,
We were only flying fortresses,
And we dropped it from so high we don't know where the bastard's gone.*

Flying Fairey Fulmars at five hundred fucking feet,
Through hail and rain and snow and through the fucking sleet,
We were steering due West when we should have been heading North
And we made a fucking landfall in the Firth of fucking Forth.

CHORUS

*We were only flying Fulmars, etc...
And we made a fucking landfall in the Firth of fucking Forth.*

Flying little Seafires and we're flying straight along
Though the petrol's mighty short, the briefing's mighty long.
We'd bags and bags of briefing and a teeny spot of gas
And we never saw the 109 that came right up our ass.

CHORUS

We were only flying Seafires, etc...

And we never saw the 109 that came right up our ass.

Flying Fairey Fireflies forcing off from Abbotsinch
Through a haze from Galsgow where ye canna see an inch
Roon an' roon the Trossachs, and doon the Ayrshire coast
We are the Wavy Navy is our proudest fucking boast.

CHORUS

We were only flying Fireflies, etc...

And we are the Wavy Navy is our proudest fucking boast.

(With acknowledgements to 1830 R.N.V.R. Squadron)

Flying Hawker Furies from the "Glory" all day long,
Flying in to Paengyong-do, then up to Chaeryong.
Sometimes we go further north and think we are big
But it's flat on the deck and out to sea if ever we hear a Mig.

CHORUS

We were only flying Furies, etc ...

And we're flat on the deck and out to sea if ever we hear a Mig.

We flew the North Atlantic till it made us fucking weep,
The sea was fucking cold and wet and very fucking deep,
The Ops. room up at Lossie is simply fucking rotten,
And Lossie will stay here till we're fucking well forgotten.

We joined this fucking Navy 'cos we thought it fucking right,
We don't care if we fly or if we fucking fight,
But what we do object to are those fucking Ops. room twats,
Who sit there sewing rings on at the rate of fucking knots.

And when this war is over and we leave the fucking branch,
The regulars will still be in and won't we fucking laugh,
We'll be yachting in the Isle of Wight, shooting in the North,
While those bastards make their landfalls in the Firth of fucking Forth.

.. REMEMBER - IT'S 'WINGS' FAVOURITE!
- ONE COCK - AND YOU'RE ON THE
FIRST PUSH! ...



AN ODE TO THE FOUR LETTER WORDS

Banish the use of the four letter words
Whose meanings are never obscure.
The Angles and Saxons, those bawdy old birds,
Were vulgar, obscene and impure.
But cherish the use of the wheedling phrase
That never says quite what you mean;
Far better be known for your hypocrite ways
Than as vulgar, impure, or obscene.

When Nature is calling, plain speaking is out,
When Ladies, God bless 'em, are milling about.
You may "Wee-wee", "Make water", or "Empty the glass",
You can "Powder your nose", even "Widdle" may pass.
"Shake the dew off the lily", "Phone your Grandma",
"See a man about a dog" — you've not gone too far.
But please to remember, if you would know bliss,
That only in Shakespeare do characters "....."

A woman has "Bosoms", a "Bust", or a "Breast",
Those "lily white swellings" that bulge 'neath her vest
Are "twin towers of ivory" — "sheaves of new wheat",
In moments of passion "ripe apples to eat".
You may speak of her nipples as "fingers of fire"
With hardly a question of raising her ire,
But I'll bet you a bob she'll throw two thousand fits
If you speak of them blandly as good honest "....."

It's a "cavern of joy" you are thinking of now,
A "warm tender field awaiting the plough".
It's a "quivering pigeon" caressing your hand,
Or the "National Anthem" (it makes us all stand!)
Or perhaps it's a "flower", a "grotto" or "well",
"The hope of the world", or a "Velvety Hell",
But friend, heed the warning, beware the affront
Of aping the Saxon — don't call it a "....."

Though the lady repels your advances, she'll be kind
As long as you intimate what's in your mind.
You may tell her you're "hungry", you "need to be swung",
You may ask her to see "how your etchings are hung",
Or mention the "ashes that need to be hauled",
"Put the lid on her saucepan", even that's not too bald,
But the moment you're forthright, get ready to duck
For the wench isn't weaned who'll stand for "Let's"

So banish the words that Elizabeth used
When she was the Queen on the throne.
The modern maid's virtue is easily bruised
By the four letter words all alone.
Let your morals be loose as an Alderman's vest
If your language is always obscure;
To-day, not the act, but the word is the test
Of the vulgar, obscene or impure.

FOUR WHORES OF MEXICO.

There were four whores of Mexico a sitting down to dine,
And the topic of conversation was, "is your cunt bigger than mine?"

CHORUS

*So tickle my tits and bugger my bum and suck my slimy slew,
Rattle your nuts across my guts and join our poxy crew.*

The first one said "It's mine, for mine's as big as the air,
Birds fly in and birds fly out and never disturb a hair".

The second one said "It's mine, for mine's as big as the moon,
Men go up in January and never come down till June".

The third one said "It's mine, for mine's as big as the sea,
Ships sail in and ships sail out, sails and rigging free".

The last one said "You lie, for mine's the biggest of all,
The flow of my monthly periods supply Niagara Fall".

FAIREY, FAIREY (TUNE: *Daisy! Daisy!*)

Fairey! Fairey!
Give me your answer do:
What is wrong with my Barracuda Two?
Dive-bombing has strained my structure —
I've got a stressed skin rupture,
The rivets pop along the top
And one of them might hit you!

Fairey! Fairey!
 What are we going to do?
 Nine Wing's grounded — looks pretty bad for you,
 When my Barra falls asunder,
 I'll be a wingless wonder —
 I'll jump out quick and bring the stick —
 And stuff it right up your nose!

405
 (TUNE: *College Days*)

405.....405.....
 See each one in his bus controlling
 Looping, diving, spinning, rolling!
 405.....405.....
 Glad to see them when they stroll in
 RAH! RAH! SIZ BOOM BAH!

 405.....405.....
 They're the chaps who keep the mess alive!
 On gin they thrive,
 Names we never can forget;
 Never met a tougher set.
 Rare old, fair old, right old
 Tight old Boozy 405!

NOTE
405 was a famous Fighter Flight.

THE "FURIOUS" SONG
 (TUNE: *Lily of Laguna*)

We're the "Furious"
 And though we may look curious,
 Here
 We lie
 At anchor all the day,
 Waiting for a signal from the R.A.A.

We range up in aircraft
And then more aircraft
Ans still more aircraft,
And then we strike down in the evening;
There'll be NO FLYING FOR TO-DAY.

NOTE

Believed to have been written by Paul Slessor. Commemorates the 1932 Spring Cruise – the first occasion on which three Carriers were to work as a combined squadron under R.A.A. from Malta. As so often happened on Spring Cruises, the best of intentions on everyones part were made nugatory by the weather, and a good deal of time was spent “ranging up” and “striking down”.

445 AND 446 AT HAL FAR, JUNE 1928

The sun was shining on the sheds,
Shining with all his might,
He did his very best to make
Hal Far look smooth and bright –
And this was odd because there were
No aeroplanes in sight.

The Flights were working sulkily
Because they thought that one
Had got no business to be there
When it was half past one.
“It’s very rude of them” they said
“To come and spoil the fun”.

In 445 and 446
The tanks were dry as dry;
You could not see a cloud because
No cloud was in the sky.
No ‘planes were flying overhead –
There were no ‘planes to fly.

The Lookers and Telegraphists
Were walking close at hand,
They wept like anything to see
The broken engines stand.
"If they would only mend them soon"
They said, "It would be grand".

"If seven men with seven mauls
"Hit them for half a year,
"Do you suppose" one Looker said,
"That we'd get in the air?"
"I doubt it" said the Leading Tel,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Pilots come and fly with us!"
One harassed Looker said.
"A pleasant flip, a wireless trip,
"Patrol on nine oh red,
"And we could do with three or four
"To swing outside the shed."

The Flight Commander looked at him
But never a word he said;
The Flight Commander winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave his office shed.

But four young pilots hurried up
All eager for the show;
They rushed around their aeroplanes
And made the blighters go.
And this was odd, because it was
Unusual, you know.

Four other pilots followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more;
While L.A.C.'s collected clothes
And goggles from the store.

The Lookers and Telegraphists
Ran swiftly to and fro,
Collecting all their instruments
And code books for the show,
And all the little Faireys stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come", the Lookers said
 "To play with many things,
"With shorts—and ships—and signal books—
 "And spotting rules—and things—
"And what the variation is—
 "And why the azimuth rings".

"But wait a bit", the Pilots cried,
 "Before we take the air;
"For some of us must try and mend
 "That undercarriage there".
"Oh hurry," said the Wireless King
 And groaned in deep despair.

"A navigation exercise
 "Is clearly what we need;
"Spotting and wind finding as well
 "Are very good indeed.
"Now if you're ready, gentlemen
 "Let us take off with speed".

"But not with us", the Pilots cried
 Turning a knob or two;
"After such kindness, that would be
 "A dismal thing to do".
"Steer 056" the Lookers said,
 "And air speed eighty two".

"It was so kind of you to come
 "And you are very nice",
The Leading Tel said nothing but
 "Oh peace at any price,
"I wish they were not quite so deaf
 "I've had to call them twice".

"It seems a shame", the Pilots said
 "To play us such a trick,
"And take us from our nice Hal Far —
 "Do take us back there quick".
The Leading Tel said nothing but
 "The call sign's TOC 8 VIC".

"I weep for you", one Looker said
 "I deeply sympathise".
With sobs and tears he sorted out
 Charts of the largest size.
Holding his watch and rangefinder
 Before his streaming eyes.

"Oh Pilots", said the Head Looker,
"You've had a pleasant run
"Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answers came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
The Gosport Tube was bum.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNY

Frankie and Johnny were lovers,
Lordee how they could love,
Swore they'd be true to each other,
True as the stars above,
He was her man — but he done her wrong.

Frankie and Johnnie went walkin',
Johnny in a brand new suit,
Frankie went walkin' with Johnny,
Said "Don't ma Johnny look cute?"
He is my man, wouldn't do me no wrong."

Frankie went down to the corner,
Went for a bucket of beer,
Frankie said to the bartender,
"Has Johnny, my lover, been here?"
He is my man, wouldn't do me no wrong!"

"Don't want to cause you no trouble,
Don't want to tell you no lie,
I saw Johnny 'bout an hour ago
With a girl called Nelly Bligh,
He is your man — but he done you wrong!"

Frankie went down to the hotel,
She didn't go there for fun,
'Cause underneath her kimono
She toted a 'forty-four gun.
He was her man — but he done her wrong.

Frankie pulled back her kimono,
Pulled out the old 'forty four,
Root-a-toot-toot, three times she shot,
Right through that hardwood door,
He was her man — but he done her wrong.

"Roll me over gently,
Roll me over slow,
Roll me over on my left side,
'Cause your bullets they hurt me so,
I was your man — but I done you wrong."

"Bring out your rubber tyred hearses,
Bring out your rubber-tyred hack,
I'm taking my lover to the graveyard,
And I ain't going to bring him back,
He was my man but he done me wrong."

Sherrif called next morning"
Said it was all for the best,
He told her that Johnny her lover
Was nothing but a doggone pest.
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Frankie said to the Warden,
"What are they going to do?"
The Warden he says to Frankie,
It's the 'lectric chair for you.
He was your man — but he done you wrong.

This story ain't got no moral,
This story ain't got no end,
This story just goes to show,
That there ain't no good in man:
He was her man — but he done her wrong.

FARTING CONTEST

I'll tell you a tale that is sure to please
Of a grand farting contest at Shitton-on-Tees
Where all the best arseholes paraded the fields
To compete in the contest for various shields.

Some tightened their arses to fart up the scale
To compete for a cup and a barrel of ale,
While others whose arses were biggest and strongest
Took part in the section for loudest and longest.

Now this year's event had drawn a big crowd
And the betting was even on Mrs. McLeod,
For it has appeared in the evening edition
That this lady's arse was in perfect condition.

Now old Mrs. Jones had a perfect backside
Half a forest of hairs with a wart on each side,
And she fancied her chance of winning with ease
Having trained on a diet of cabbage and peas.

The vicar arrived and ascended the stand
And then he addressed this remarkable band —
"The contest is on as is shown on the bills
We've precluded the use of injections and pills."

Mrs. Bindle arrived amidst roars of applause
And promptly proceeded to pull down her drawers,
For though she'd no chance in the farting display
She'd the prettiest arse you'd seen in a day.

Now young Mrs. Pothole was backed for a place
Though she'd often been placed in the deepest disgrace
By dropping a fart that had beaten the organ
As well as the vicar, the Reverend Morgan.

The ladies lined up, ^{Right} got the signal to start
And winning the toss Mrs. Jones took first fart.
The people around, in silence and wonder,
Heard the wireless announce gale warnings and thunder.

Now Mrs. McLeod reckoned nothing of this
She'd had some weak tea and was all wind and piss
So she took up her place with her arse open wide
But unluckily shat and was disqualified.

Then young Mrs. Pothole was called to the front
And started by doing a wonderful stunt:
She took a deep breath and clenching her hands
She blew the whole roof off the popular stands.

This left Mrs. Bindle who shyly appeared
And smiled at the clergy who lustily cheered
And though it was reckoned her chances were small
She ran out a winner outfarting them all.

With hands on her hips she stood farting alone
And the crowd stood amazed at the sweetness of tone
And the clergy agreed without hindrance or pause
And said "Now, Mrs. Bindle, please pull up your drawers."

With muscles well tensed and legs full apart
She started a full and glorious fart
Beginning with Chopin and ending with swing
She went right up the scale to 'God Save the King'.

She went to the rostrum with maidenly gait
And took from the vicar a set of gold plate
Then she turned to the vicar with sweetness sublime
And smilingly said "Come and see me some time."

A FRAGMENT FROM MANCHESTER – OR THEREABOUTS

Up in Belfry sexton stands,
Pulling pud with grimy 'ands.
Down in vestry Vicar yells
"Stop pulling pud – pull fooking bells!"

'Andsome butler, pretty cook
Down in pantry 'aving fook.
Up in parlour mistress squeals
"Stop fooking cook – cook fooking meals!"

Out in garage chauffer lies
Firmly clasped by Mistress' thighs.
Master says "Ah there you are,
Stop fooking wife – start fooking car!"

FRIDAY, THE 13th (TUNE: *Cruising Down the River*)

Floating down the Flight Deck
On a Friday afternoon.
That Firefly is far too high,
There'll be a prang here soon.
"Get the jumbo ready";
And old Flyce calls the tune
"Crash on deck – No smoking"
On a Friday afternoon.

The batsman knew
That when he flew
Past him he looked O.K.
But Bacon wished
And then he fished
Then in the barrier lay.

The three of them together
Checked back on the stick too soon,
Bobby, Ted, and Johnny
On that Friday afternoon.

THE FARMER'S BOY

The sun has set behind the hill,
Across the dreary moor,
When weary and lame, a boy there came,
Up to a farmer's door;
"Can you tell me wherever I be,
One that will me employ,
To plough and sow, to reap and mow
And be a farmer's boy, and be a farmer's boy."

The farmer's wife cried, "Try the lad,
Let him no longer seek".
"Yes father, do", the daughter cried,
While the tears rolled down her cheek:
"For those who would work, 'tis hard to want,
And wander for employ.
Don't let him go but let him stay,
And be a farmer's boy, and be a farmer's boy."

The farmer's boy grew up a man,
And the good old couple died;
They left the lad the farm they had,
And the daughter for his bride;
Now the lad which was, and the farm now has,
Often thinks and smiles with joy.
And will bless the day he came that way
To be a farmer's boy, to be a farmer's boy.

THE FOGGY DEW

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone,
And I worked at the weaver's trade,
And the only only thing that I ever did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed her in the summer time,
And in the winter too,
And the every every time that I took her in my arms
Just to save her from the foggy foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside,
When I lay fast asleep,
She put her head upon my breast
And there she began to weep.
She wept, she cried, she damn near died,
She said, "What can I do?"
So I took her into bed and covered up her head,
Just to save her from the foggy foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor and I live with my son,
And we work at the weaver's trade,
And the every every time that I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of that fair young maid,
He reminds me of that summer time,
And of the winter too,
And of the many many times that I took her in my arms,
Just to save her from the foggy foggy dew.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES OH

I'll give you one Oh, Green grow the rushes Oh
What is your one Oh?
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll give you two Oh, Green grow the rushes Oh
What is your two Oh?
Two two the lily white boys clothed all in green Oh
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be so.

I'll give you three Oh, Green grow the rushes Oh
What is your three Oh?
Three three the rivals.
(Repeat last lines of previous verses)

I'll give you four Oh, Green grow the rushes Oh
What is your four Oh?
Four for the Gospel makers.

I'll give you five Oh, Green grow the rushes Oh
What is your five Oh?
Five for the Cymbals at your door.

I'll give you six Oh, Green grow the rushes Oh
What is your six Oh ?
Six for the six brown waiters.

I'll give you seven Oh, Green grow the rushes Oh
What is your seven Oh?
Seven for the seven stars in the sky.

I'll give you eight Oh, *Green grow the rushes Oh*
What is your eight Oh?
Eight for the April Rainers.

I'll give you nine Oh, Green grow the rushes Oh
What is your nine Oh?
Nine for the nine bright shiners.

I'll give you ten Oh, Green grow the rushes Oh
What is your ten Oh?
Ten for the ten commandments.

I'll give you eleven Oh, Green grow the rushes Oh
What is your eleven Oh?
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven.

I'll give you twelve Oh, Green grow the rushes Oh
What is your twelve Oh?
Twelve for the twelve apostles.

THE GERMAN CLOCKMAKER

A German clockmaker to England once came,
Fritz und Von Herman was that German's name,
He went round the streets ringing his bell,
Any clocks to mend and clocks to sell.

CHORUS

With a too re li, too re li, too re-l-i ay

He met a young lady in Bloomsbury fair
Who said that her clock was in need of repair,
So he called round in the middle of the night,
And before he had left her he had put her clock right.

He took out his tool so shiny and bright,
The tool with which he could put their clocks right,
Some clocks went too fast some clocks went too slow,
But nine out of ten he could make their clocks go.

This German so handsome to the lady's delight,
Would often call round in the middle of the night,
To tighten her wheels and adjust her hair spring,
And never once failing to make the bell ring.

One night came her husband who said, "Mary Ann,
What do you mean by letting this man
Wind up your clock which I left on the shelf?
When your clock needs winding I'll wind it myself?"

This German so handsome so dashing so gay,
He sailed back to Germany one sunny day,
He vowed and he swore never again in his life,
Would he wind up a clock of another man's wife.

THE GAY CABALLERO

There once was a gar Caballero, an exceedingly gay Caballero,
A flashing the end of Maralta Mari, Malta, Maralta Mari.

He went to a low down casino, an exceedingly low down casino,
And of course he took with him etc., etc.

He there met a fair senorita, an exceedingly fair senorita,
And of course he suggested etc., etc.

He lay her down on a sofita, an exceedingly fair sofita,
And he gave her nine inches etc. etc.

He caught a bad dose of clapita, an exceedingly bad dose of clapita,
Right on the end of etc. etc.

He went to a learned Physiciano, an exceedingly learned Physiciano,
Who cut off the end etc. etc.

And now that my story is ended, all those whom my song has offended,
Can suck what is left etc. etc.

GOOD SHIP VENUS

'Twas on the good ship Venus, by God you should have seen us
The figure head was a whore in bed and the mast a rampant penis.

The skipper of this lugger, his name was Mike McGrugger
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, the fornicating bugger.

The mate his name was Slaughter he fell into the water
He hit his cock upon a rock and now it's two feet shorter.

The bosun's name was Andy by God that man was randy
We filled his bum with boiling rum for pissing in the brandy.

The deckhand's name was Blighted he always got excited
He filled his bunk with shit and spunk whenever land was sighted.

The lookout Mephistophorous dipped his knob in phosphorus
And by its light all through the night we sailed the mighty Bosphorus.

The ship's dog's name was Rover we turned the bugger over
We ground and ground that unfortunate hound from Barking stairs to
Dover.

The ship's cat Mephistopheles, Rover she would always tease
She took a jump upon his rump and bit off both his testicles.

The skipper's wife was Mabel, whenever she was able
She gave the crew their daily screw upon the kitchen table.

The skipper's sister Charlotte a dirty little harlot
First thing at night her twat was white, in the morning it was scarlet.

The skipper's virgin daughter she fell into the water
Ecstatic squeals proclaimed that eels had found her sexual quarter.

The cabin boy a nipper, a regular Jack the Ripper,
He stuffed his arse with broken glass and circumcised the skipper.

The engineer McSandy by gum that man was randy
He rubbed his prick against a brich and shot a pint of brandy.

The second engineer McCollock who only had one bollock
While trying to float a motor boat he caught it in a rowlock.

The greaser's name was Warring renowned for deeds of daring
His golden rule to insert the tool inside the big end bearing.

The stoker's name was Bember he had a mighty member
He tried to screw a boiler flue and burned it to an ember.

We had an evil surgeon who didn't need no urgin'
His penis rose and wiped his nose whenever he sew a virgin.

The doctor's name was Lester he was a virgin tester
Through membranes thick he thrust his prick till it began to fester.

The steward's name was McGrewer a dirty little whore
For hours he's sit with a mouthful of shit picking his arse in a sewer.

We sailed to the Canaries, the crew thought they were fairies;
They caught the syph at Tenerife and clap at Buenos Aires.

We sailed to Nigeria, the crew were getting beerier
The prostitutes along the route grew wearier and wearier.

The mates in the Bahamas wore striped silk pyjamas
The girls thought pricks were wooden sticks not bloody great bananas.

The third engineer was Morgan by God he was a gorgon
He'd entertain the lower deck with tunes upon his organ.

The second mate was Carter my God he was a farter
When the wind dropped and the ship had stopped, old Carter's fart 'ud
start 'er.

In spite of masturbation and other fornication
They sucked the sores of poxy whores and drank their menstruation.

'Twas on the China station for lack of concentration
We sank a junk with loads of spunk by mutual masturbation.

And so to end this serial for want of more material
We'll leave this crew in Timbuctoo in a hospital venereal.

THE GRASSHOPPER

(TUNE: *Tit Willow*)

A grasshopper sat on an elephant's prick
Singing, "Letters, French Letters, French Letters."
And belaboured his knob with a bloody great stick
Singing, "Letters, French Letters, French Letters."
I said to her "Grasshopper, why do you try
To ask of this mammoth? — You're only a fly."
But the grasshopper sat there, her only reply
Was, "Letters, French Letters, French Letters."

The elephant came in a very short time
Singing, "Letters, French Letters, French Letters."
And the grasshopper drowned in an ocean of slime
Singing, "Letters, French Letters, French Letters."
The moral of this is that if you are wise
You will only be rogered by one your own size,
And even in that case I strongly advise
Using Letters, French Letters, French Letters!

GREENSLEEVES

Alas, my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously;
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.

Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight;
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady Greensleeves.

If you intend thus to disdain,
It does the more enrapture me,
And even so, I still remain
A lover in captivity.

Alas, my love, that you should own
A heart of wanton vanity,
So must I meditate alone
Upon your insincerity.

Ah, Greensleeves, now farewell, adieu,
To God I pray to prosper thee,
For I am still thy lover true,
Come once again and love me.

HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN

My father's an apple pie vendor
My mother makes synthetic gin,
My sister walks out of an evening,
And Gosh, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

Rolls in, rolls in
My Gosh, how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in,
My Gosh, how the money rolls in.

My brother's a keen missionary,
Wot saves pure young maidens from sin,
He'll save you a blonde for ten dollars.
Oh Gosh, how the money rolls in.

I'd an uncle who was a night watchman
Who spent all his nights in the pit,
He used to come home in the mornings
All covered all over with shit.

One night was so dark and so stormy,
When uncle went down to the pit,
The wind went and blew out his candle,
And uncle fell down in the shit.

Poor uncle he never recovered,
From this accident down in the pit —
His funeral takes place tomorrow,
He'll be buried in six feet of shit.

THE HOLE IN THE ELEPHANT'S BOTTOM

My ambition's to go on the stage and now my ambition I've gotten.
In pantomime I'm all the rage, at the hole in the elephant's bottom.

The manager says, 'It's all balls' but somehow I manage to spot 'em
And wink at the whores in the stalls through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

The manager knows I'm a fool; when the elephant's tail I've forgotten,
But I hang my magnificent tool through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

I'm always a lover of beautiful girls; yes ladies I've always been hot on
I turn round and wink at the stuff in the stalls through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

My part doesn't have any words so it really cannot be forgotten;
I simply drop property turds through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

Two nancy-boys came in one day, and before anybody could stop 'em
They handed a lovely bouquet through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

The fellow who plays the front part, as an actor is just bloody rotten;
He simply does nothing but fart, and I'm at the elephant's bottom.

The chorus girls wear *crepe-de-chine* drawers and the sweat makes the fabric go rotten;
When they burst, there are roars of applause from the hole in the elephant's bottom.

Two pockets I've cut in the cloth, for two bottles of beer when I've got 'em
Folks laugh as I blow out the froth through the hole in the elephant's bottom.

There are many more words in this song but I'm sorry to say I've forgot 'em
If you've found this song just a bit too long, you can all kiss the elephant's bottom.

A HOUSING PROBLEM

A married couple reviewed a house in the country and on their return remembered that they had not noticed where the W.C. was, so they wrote to the Vicar who had shown them around, asking him if he knew where it was.

Being ignorant of the term 'W.C.', the Vicar thought it meant 'Wesleyan Chapel'. Imagine the surprise of the couple when they received this letter:

'I regret to inform you that the nearest W.C. in your district is 5 miles away from your house. Rather unfortunate if you are in the habit of going regularly.

However, it may interest you to know that many people take their lunch and make a day of it.

By the way, it is built to accommodate 1,000 people and it has been decided to replace the wooden seats by plush ones to ensure greater comfort, especially for people who have to sit a long time before proceedings begin.

Some people go by train; but others who can spare the time walk and get there just in time. I myself never go.

There are special facilities for ladies presided over by the Minister who gives them all the assistance he can.

The children all sit together and sing together during proceedings.

The first time my wife went she had to stand all the time.

Hoping this will be of use to you

*Trusting you will attend regularly,
Yours faithfully,*

THE VICAR

P.S. Hymn Sheets are to be found behind the door.'

"HUGHIE"

(TUNE: *Frankie and Johnny*)

805 flew from Nowra
To embark for a tropical cruise
We were greeted in Vengeance the right way
The Fish-heads bought plenty of booze
Oh land us on, Hughie land us on.

The Squadron owned Sea Furies
Lordy and how they could fly
'Til they got in the circuit
Then they prayed to the Lord on high
Oh help us on, Hughie help us on.

The batsmen are keen and agile
Performing their witch doctor dance
With leans high-dips and come-ons
The boys don't stand a chance
Oh get us down, Hughie get us down.

Fergie came in for a landing
Flying a little too fast
His hook missed all the wires
He went half up the mast
Oh help him down, Hughie help him down.

We have to get up in the morning
Around about quarter to four
To twitch on the end of a booster
And pour on the old full bore
Oh help us off, Hughie help us off.

Hear the boys bitch in the crew room
Waiting for flying to begin
No need to get excited
The ship's still looking for wind
Oh send some round, Hughie send some round.

The A.D.R.'s really a whizzer
With liner, buster and gate
No need to waste your petrol
The interception's sure to be late
Oh land us on, Hughie land us on.

Fifty one calling Hostage
What's the bogies' angels and course
Wait till we signal to FOCAF
He'll send it back in morse
Oh land us on, Hughie land us on.

Air Sea Rescue's no problem
If in a dinghy you drift
Just wait for McPhee or McMillan
In Bristol's mobile lift
Oh hoist us in, Hughie hoist us in.

Bill is our Senior Pilot
And of him all Subbies beware
They reckon the very first words he spoke
Were "Get into the air"
Oh where's the whip, Hughie where's the whip.

When Al comes over the rundown
To the goofers it looks pretty weird
His seat's so far to the bottom
There's just a flying beard
Oh wave him off, Hughie wave him off.

James made a dart at the flight deck
Nearly went over the side
But there's no foundation in the rumour
That Bevan was hypnotised
Oh keep him on, Hughie keep him on.

Mac's an ace at live bombing
On any target we choose
But to stop the slaughter of wild fowl
He decided not to drop them fused
Tell the Brisbane Press, Hughie tell the press.

Rocketings fraught with danger
When Furies and Fireflies mix
There's no need for flak near a target
When you fly with 816
Oh try again, Hughie try again.

Now we've finished this work-up
We're amazed that we're all still alive
Despite the booster and batsmen
There's still an 805
Oh fly us home, Hughie fly us home.

THE HEDGEHOG

The exhaustive and careful enquiries
Of Darwin and Huxley and Ball
Have conclusively proved that the hedgehog
Can hardly be buggered at all.
But further most painful researches
Have incontrovertibly shown
That this state of comparative safety
Is enjoyed by the hedgehog alone.

The sexual life of the camel
Is stranger than everyone thinks
For in moments of sexual excitement
He endeavours to bugger the Sphinx.
But the Sphinx, by private arrangement,
Is blocked by the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

IN MOBILE

There's a shortage of good whores, in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good whores, in Mobile,
There's a shortage of good whores, in Mobile,
But there's key-holes in the doors
And there's knot-holes in the floors, in Mobile.

There's a blockage in the bogs, in Mobile (3 times)
It's a habit of the working classes
When they've finished with their glasses
They just stuff them up their arses, in Mobile.

Oh, the old dun cow is dead, in Mobile (3 times)
But the children must be fed
So we'll milk the bull instead, in Mobile.

Oh, the eagles they fly high, in Mobile (3 times)
And they shit right in your eye
So thank God the cows don't fly, in Mobile.

Oh, the negros they grow tall, in Mobile (3 times)
But they shoot 'em in the fall
And they eat 'em balls and all, in Mobile.

Oh, the parson he has come, in Mobile (3 times)
With his words of Kingdom Come
He can stuff them up his bum, in Mobile.

There's no shortage of good beer, in Mobile (3 times)
And they give us damn good cheer
Oh, thank God that we are here, in Mobile.

There's a lovely girl called Dinah, in Mobile (3 times)
For a fuck there is no finer
'Cause she's got the best vagina, in Mobile.

There's a man called Lanky Danny, in Mobile (3 times)
And his instinct is uncanny
When he's fingering a fanny, in Mobile.

There's a tavern in the town, in Mobile (3 times)
Where for half a fucking crown
You can get a bit of brown, in Mobile.

Oh, the girls all wear tin pants, in Mobile (3 times)
But they take them off to dance
Just to give the boys a chance, in Mobile.

There's excess of copulation, in Mobile (3 times)
They relax for stimulation
On mutual masturbation, in Mobile.

The C.O. is a bugger, in Mobile (3 times)
And the adj. he is another
So they bugger one another, in Mobile.

I WONDER WHY?

Some years ago their Lordships thought they'd build a better plane
To go to war;
So Faireys got the order and set out to do again
What they's failed before;
They found all sorts of bits and bobs in old disused workshops,
And bound them all together with the string they pinched from slops,
Then sat and hoped their masterpiece would pass and go on "ops,"
I wonder why?

They'd heard the R.A.F. whose orders never are delayed
Had just passed by,
An engine born of worthy stock which hadn't made the grade
I wonder why;
They stuck it up in front and found they had to raise the tail,
Now if you want a true opinion – take a trip to Crail,
You'll find the boys are hoping that the carrier will not sail,
I wonder why?

For this monster we are flying, Faireys will not take the blame,
I wonder why,
They say they didn't have the time to build a better plane
For us to fly;
This may be true but me and you would ask them for a start
Just where they found the genius who fancied he was smart
And spent a whole year thinking up that two-ton undercart,
I wonder why?

I TOOK MY WIFE FOR A SCRAMBLE

I took my wife for a ramble, a ramble along a shady lane,
She caught her foot in a bramble, a bramble and arse over bollocks she came.

CHORUS:

Singing,

Ay jig a jig, Ay jig a jig, follow the band,

Follow the band all the way, singing

Ay jig a jig, Ay jig a jig, follow the band,

Fall in and follow the band.

I asked her if she was offended, offended, I asked her if she was in pain,
Before she could answer, could answer, could answer, she was arse over bollocks again.

She'd only one arm in her shimmy, her shimmy, she'd only one leg in her drawer,
She'd only one hair on her titty, her titty, her old man had only one ball.

IT'S ALL OVER THE PLACE

It's all over the place.
The Frame twenty five
The wings in a dive
The main spars and flaps.
The stressed skin and gaps —
It's all over the place.

It's all over the place.
It wallows about —
And panels jump out.
A Plane you can't trust.
For the mainplanes soon bust —
It's all over the place.

All round the atmosphere with no control at all
Airframe will shake.
Tailplane will break.
Close the throttle landing on, and like a brick she'll fall —

We ditch
We twitch
We prang the bloody *BITCH*.

It's all over the place
The experts are dim.
They tell us it's trim;
But that's all a lie
For the bastard can't fly
It's all over the place.

INSTRUCTIONS TO PASSENGERS

(TUNE: *Humoresque*)

Passengers will please refrain
From passing water while the train
Is standing in the station, yes indeed;
Whilst the train is in the station
We encourage constipation
A little self control is what we need;
If you really must pass water
Please inform the station porter
Who will place a vessel in the vestibule;
While the train is in the station
We encourage constipation
That is why we have to make this rule.

IN OTHER WORDS

I had a sad accident some time ago.

The story is sad but true:

I was out on patrol in a "Fairey IID" —

The same thing might happen to you —

We toddled along for an hour, all went well.

But then after that I'm sorry to tell:

The vibration first excited my suspicion,

And we quickly found that three big ends had run,

The machine assumed a vertical position

And the Pilot said he reckoned we were done,

The wings came off, and both the floats departed;

And the last thing I remember as she splashed,

Was the poor old bus appeared to fall to pieces.

In other words

We crashed.

I HEARD MY GOLDFISH YODELLING

I heard my goldfish yodelling

When dawn was in the sky.

I heard my goldfish yodelling,

A sad lugubrious cry.

I wakened from my slumbers,

I left my cosy bed,

Because I thought my goldfish

Might be waiting to be fed.

But he wasn't.

I heard my goldfish yodelling
In the hazy heat of noon.
I heard my goldfish yodelling,
A trifle out of tune.
I left my books, I left my work,
I laid aside my duty
Because I thought my goldfish
Might have heard the call of beauty.
But he hadn't.

I heard my goldfish yodelling
As evening shadows fell.
He sounded like an oboe
That is not played very well.
I left my fire, my cosy chair,
I laid aside my specs,
Because I thought my goldfish
Might have heard the call of sex.
But he hadn't.

I heard my goldfish yodelling
At the hour of midnight chimes.
I heard my goldfish yodelling
Just one too many times.
I took him down the passage
To save me further trouble,
And tried to hear him yodel
When the system ceased to bubble —
But I couldn't.

IF

If you can keep your girl when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
And keep the faith of wives though husbands doubt you
And yet keep out of the Divorce Courts too.

If you can meet a girl and take her virtue
Before you've had the time to learn her name,
And say to virgins "This is going to hurt you";
And yet go on and do it just the same.

If you don't hesitate when she says "Maybe"
And lead her on with every sort of lie;
And when she says she's going to have a baby
Just quickly raise your hat and say "Goodbye".

If you can meet a new girl every minute
And not be faithful to a single one,
Yours is the world and every woman in it
And what is more, you'll be a cad, my son.

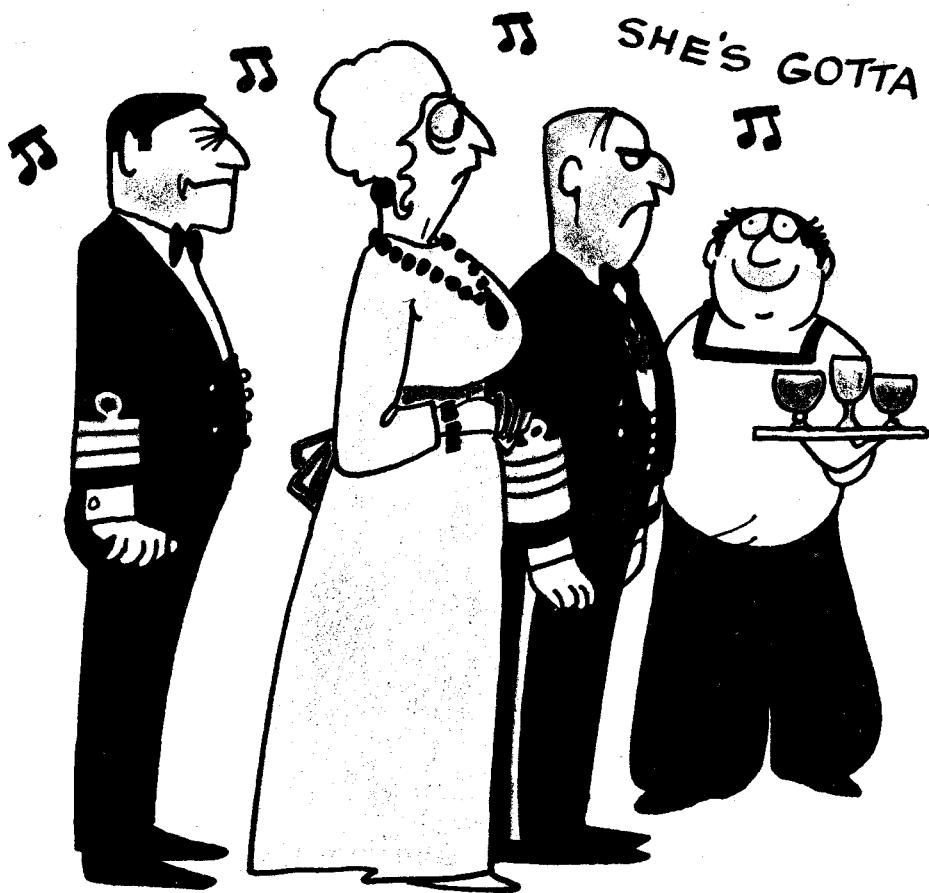
IF

If you can keep your track when all about you
Are losing theirs and setting "Mag" from "True";
If you can trust yourself when pilots doubt you
And get back to the ship out of the blue;
If you can keep control of your dividers
And Bigsworth beard and Gosport tube and pad;
Or listen to the wireless and pilot
Talking in unison — and not go mad;

If you can bomb, and "Red on red" can master
If you can check the drift — and still take aim
If you can fire your gun and simply plaster
The target while you're spinning just the same;
If you can bear the cold and noise and slipstream;
If you can think — and not attempt to "ziz";
If you can make that tortuous code book seem
A little bit more useful than it is;

If you can do a swing and when correcting
Apply the magnets right way round and then
By patient high endeavour and collecting
The data — make it simple for all men;
If you can take a sight — nor loose the bubble,
Or range — and use the proper height of haze,
Or take a fix — and not get into trouble
By putting deviations on both ways;

If you can spot, and not fall for the error
Of substituting "SS" for "GG";
If you can work the drogue, that holy terror,
And never let it fall into the sea;
If you can sight a fleet without detection,
Giving the right position to a dot;
If you can cope with every situation
And apply "immediate action" on the spot;



— FACE LIKE A MESSDECK SCRUBBER —

— EYES LIKE A DOGGERBANK COD —



If you can keep your temper with the wireless.
Or shift your wave — nor loose the common touch;
If you can stop yourself becoming useless
By using too few clothes or else too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of ground-speed run,
Yours is the Air — and everything that's in it,
And — which is more — you'll be an (O), my son.

IF I WERE A MARRYING GIRL

If I were a marrying girl
Which thank the Lord I'm not, Sir,
The kind of man that I would wed
Would be a Rugby Full Back.

CHORUS:

*He'd tackle low, and I'd tackle low
And we'd both tackle low together
We'd be all right in the middle of the night
Tackling low together.*

Centre:	He'd knock on.
Stand Off:	He'd cut through.
Hooker:	He'd hook it out.
Forward:	He'd push hard.
Scrum Half:	He'd slip it in.
Wing Forward:	He'd break fast.
Wing Three Quarter:	He'd go hard.
Fly Half:	He'd whip it out.
Referee Sir:	He'd blow hard.
Second Row:	He'd bind tight.
Rugby Spectator:	He'd clap hard.
Rugby Groundsman:	He'd sow seed.
Rugby Director:	He'd have a stand.
Rugby Player:	He'd find touch.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

I don't want to join the Army, I don't want to go to war
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly Underground,
Living on the earnings of a high born lady.
I don't want a bullet up my arsehole
I don't want my bollocks shot away
For I'd rather live in England, in Merrie Merrie England
And fritter all my fucking life away – Gawd Blimey!

On Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee.
On Wednesday, success, I lifted up her dress,
On Thursday she took me home to tea – Gawd Blimey.
On Friday I put my hand upon it.
On Saturday she gave my balls a tweak
And on Sunday after supper, I stuffed the whole thing up her
And now I'm paying ten and six a week – Gawd Blimey!

Call up the Army and the Navy. Call up the rank and file.
Call up the gallant Territorials, they'll face danger with a smile.
Call up the Boys of the Old Brigade to keep Olde England free.
You can call up my mother, my sister or my brother
But for Christ's sake don't call me.

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

CHORUS:

*I used to work in Chicago
In a big Department Store,
I used to work in Chicago
But I don't work there any more.*

A lady came in for a towel one day
I asked her what kind she'd adore.
"Roller", she said, so roll her I did
And I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a mat one day,
I asked her what kind she'd adore.
"Bath", she said, so bath her I did
And I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a cake one day,
I asked her what kind she'd adore.
"Layer", she said so lay her I did
And I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a band one day,
I asked her what kind she'd adore.
"Rubber", she said so rub her I did
And I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a hat one day,
I asked her what kind she'd adore.
"Felt", she said so felt her I did
And I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for some hardware,
I asked her what kind she'd adore.
"Screws", she said so screw her I did
And I don't work there any more.

A lady came in for a gauge one day,
I asked what kind she'd adore.
"Feeler", she said so feel her I did
And I don't work there any more.

JOSHUA FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF JERICO

Joshua fought the battle of Jerico, Jerico, Jerico;
Joshua fought the battle of Jerico,
And the walls came tumbling down;
You may talk about your king of Gideon,
You may talk about your man of Saul,
There's none like good old Joshua,
At the battle of Jerico;
Up to the walls of Jerico, he marched with spear in hand,
"Go blow those ram horns" Joshua cried,
'Cause the battle is in my hand";
Joshua fought the battle of Jerico, Jerico, Jerico,
Joshua fought the battle of Jerico,
And the walls came tumbling down;
Then the lamb, ram, sheep horns begin to blow,
Trumpets begin to sound.
Joshua commanded the children to shout,
And the walls came tumbling down.

JOHNNY McELDOO

There was Johnny McEldoo and McGee and me
And a couple or two or three
Went on a spree one day.
We had a bob or two, which we knew how to blew
And the beer and whiskey flew
And we all felt gay.
We visited McCann's, McLeman's, Humpty Dan's;
We then went into Swann's our stomachs for to pack.
We ordered out a feed, which indeed we did need
And we finished it with speed, but we still felt slack.
Johnny McEldoo turned red white and blue
And a plate of Irish stew he soon put out of sight.
He shouted 'Encore' with a roar for some more
That he never felt before such a keen appetite.
He ordered eggs and ham, bread and jam, what a cram,
But him we couldn't ram though we tried our level best,
For everything we brought, cold or hot, matter not
It went down him like a shot, but he still stood the test
He swallowed tripe and lard by the yard. We got scared,
We thought it would go hard when the waiter brought the bill.
We told him to give o'er but he swore he could lower
Twice as much again and more before he had his fill.
He nearly sucked a trough full of broths. Says McGrath,
"He'll devour the table cloth if you don't hold him in!"
When the waiter brought the charge McEldoo felt so large
He began to scowl and barge and his blood went on fire.
He began to curse and swear, tear his hair in despair,
And to finish the affair called the shopman a liar.
The shopman he drew out and no doubt he did clout,
McEldoo he kicked about like an old football.
He tattered all his clothes, broke his nose, I suppose
He'd have killed him with a few blows in no time at all.
McEldoo began to howl and to growl, by my soul,
He threw an empty bowl at the shopkeeper's head.
It struck by Micky Finn, peeled the skin off his chin,
And the ructions did begin and we all fought and bled.
The peelers did arrive, man alive, four or five.
At us they made a dive for us all to match away.
We paid for all the meat that we ate, stood a treat,
And went home to ruminate on the spree that day.

THE KEYHOLE

I left my girl quite early, 'twas barely half past nine,
And by a stroke of bloody good luck her room was next to mine;
Like Christopher Columbus I started to explore,
I took up my position by the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS:

*Oh the keyhole, keyhole, keyhole, keyhole, keyhole in the door,
— repeat last line of verse —*

My maid sat by the fireside, her dainty toes to warm,
She only had a chemie on to cover her lily white form;
And if she took that chemie off I could not ask for more,
— By Christ, I saw her do it through the keyhole in the door.

At last with trembling fingers I knocked upon the door
And after much persuasion I crossed that threshold floor;
To stop some bastard seeing what I had seen before,
I stuffed that lily white chemie in the keyhole in the door.

That night I spent in glory and other things besides,
And on her heaving bosom had many a joyful ride;
And when I woke next morning John Tom was long and sore,
I felt as though I'd stuffed him through the keyhole in the door.

KATAKARUNDA

(TUNE: Blaze Away)

Insanitary bogs, thieving wogs, got no time for "A" boys,
It's no ruddy wonder that Katarakunda has such a lousy smell,
With lizards and vipers and festering green stripers and negative booze as well,
Go down to dispersal in whites washed in Persil through clouds of dust and sand
Soon you're all gritty and dirty and shitty chuck in your ruddy hand.

If you really want a tossed-out jade
You've got to join the shiny-arsed brigade
If you're fond of whisky and gin and lime
At Katarakunda you've had your time
Shave off Katarakunda's wingless goons.

KATHUSALEM

In Jerusalem there lived a maid, a maid who did a roaring trade,
A prostitute of low repute the harlot of Jerusalem.

CHORUS:

*Hi, hi Kathusalem, Kathusalem, Kathusalem,
Hi, hi Kathusalem, the harlot of Jerusalem.*

This wily maid she had no fear of syphilis or pregnancies,
She kept it clear with gonorrhoea, the pride of all Jerusalem.

There lived a student by a wall, although he'd only got one ball,
He'd been through all or nearly all the harlots of Jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree with customary cockstand he,
Although he'd only got 3 "d" accosted old Kathusalem.

She took the student to a nook, undid his flies and out she took,
His penis shaped just like a hook, the pride of all Jerusalem.

He seized that harlot by the bum, she rattled like a Lewis gun,
He sowed the seed of many a son in the harlot of Jerusalem.

There suddenly loomed up in sight an Ismaelite, a fucking shite,
For he'd arranged to screw that night the harlot of Jerusalem.

He grabbed that student by the crook, and swearing by the holy book,
He held him o'er the babbling brook that flows by all Jerusalem.

The student came back full of fight, and grabbed that fucking Ismaelite,
And rammed him up with all his might the arsehole of Kathusalem.

The wily maid she knew her part, she closed her 'ole and let a fart,
And sent him soaring like a dart way above Jerusalem.

Away he soared right out to sea, just like a bloody bumble bee,
And left his bollocks on a tree way up above Jerusalem.

K-9 BLUES

Joe wakes us up at break of day,
He says, "Now fellers, on your way."
No wonder we're all turning grey,
It's foolish but it's fun.

We race outside, jump in the blitz,
All wearing our survival kits,
The whole thing gives us all the shits,
It's foolish but it's fun.

And if we should have some aborts
We may get a frown,
On long escorts, not close supports,
Usually they're found.

We see a peasant on a farm,
He looks at us with much alarm,
We'll just leave him our napalm,
It's foolish but it's fun.

We pull up from a rocket dive
Indicating ninety-five,
We'll be lucky to survive,
It's foolish but it's fun.

And when we call on Mellow,
To get instructions for a flight,
If he should say SINUIJU
We'd die of fucking fright.

He sounds so calm, his voice serene,
He doesn't know my face is green,
I guess I'm just an old 'has-been',
It's foolish but it's fun.

Then in to land, I see the deck,
I wonder if I'll break my neck,
For I black out each time I check,
It's foolish but it's fun.

Our C.O. works us far too much,
Three trips a day (or night) and such,
With life we lose our fucking touch,
It's foolish but it's fun.

In our cockpits there we sit,
For hours and hours we do our bit,
'Cause if we don't we're in the shit.
It's foolish but it's fun.

Perhaps with a hundred sorties up,
I'll win the D.F.C.,
Perhaps one day I'll get some leave
To Aussie 'cross the sea.

But in the meantime there's no show,
Into the fucking blue I go,
Rain, hail, sleet, or fucking snow,
It's foolish but it's fun.

Now one newcomer's keen to fly,
It's Flight Lieutenant Joey Blyth,
Two hundred hours a month he'd try,
It's foolish but it's fun.

To Iwakuni he recalled,
The poor old bastard nearly bawled,
The thought of flying jets appalled,
It's foolish but it's fun.

He whistled round the circuit
At a hundred bloody knots,
He dreamed of flying Tiger Moths
With slits and slats and slots.

"Those fooking jets may be O.K.,
But I'll take Mustangs any day,
The piston engine's here to stay",
It's foolish but it's fun.

Let Meggsie lead the first attack.
Hunt and Cannon at his back,
And I'll cop all the bloody flak,
It's foolish but it's fun.

With Murphy in his Shooting Star,
And Thornton parted from the bar,
My word these boys will all go far,
It's foolish but it's fun.

One day I'll overstrain myself
And go right overboard,
And com-mit fucking suicide
With a missing razor cord.

Ah, come the day, but until then
We'll all press on rewardless, men,
The napalm's mightier than the pen,
It's foolish but it's fun.

With Dropkick Easley in the van,
These fookin' Chinese up and ran,
And Lyall Klaffer, what a man!
It's foolish but it's fun.

Young Les Reading's in the pink,
"We'll have another go I think".
Could he mean another drink?
It's foolish but it's fun.

In a corner Scotty Cadan's
Talking P.R. spits,
He'd like to photograph Korea
In little fucking bits.

But for Photo Reccos there's no hope,
For the switches we must grope,
Bombs and bullets, that's the dope,
It's foolish but it's fun.

Now back upon the bloody deck
Why do I risk my fucking neck?
A day to go so what the heck,
It's foolish but it's fun.

Our I.O., Ralph, says, "How many trucks,
Any tanks, artillery, geese or ducks?"
But I don't give two common fucks,
It's foolish but it's fun.

So bowed and battered, home I go,
The cause of freedom saved,
To wake up screaming in the night,
Dreaming of how I've slaved.

I think to make up for my sins,
I'll have myself a dozen gins,
And re-convert to fucking TWINS,
It's foolish but it's fun.

K.G. 5.

We don't care for rain or snow sir,
We're off to prang Formosa,
Armed with guns from stern to bow,
K.G.5 by Christ and Howe.

We don't give a rap for the Jap sir,
We came out to shoot down C A P; sir
Seafires, Hellcats, muck 'em all,
K.G. 5 is on the ball.

Now it's over, peace at last sir,
Back to Sydney mighty fast sir,
All we did was sit and talk,
Anson, Howe and Duke of York.

*Composed by 820 Squadron after one or two
friendly aircraft had been fired on (not always
by battlewagons).*

To the tune "I am Jesu's little lamb"

THE KIDNEY WIPER

May lady was a-dressing,
A-dressing for a ball,
When she espied a tinker
Pissing up against the wall.

CHORUS:

*With his jolly great kidney wiper
And his balls as big as three
And half a yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knee;
Hanging down, swinging free,
And half a yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knee.*

My lady wrote a letter
And in it she did say
She'd rather be fucked by a tinker
Than her husband any day.

The tinker got the letter
And when it he did read
His balls began to fester
And his prick began to bleed.

He mounted on his charger
And on it he did ride
His prick slung on his shoulder
And his bollocks by his side.

He fucked the cook in the kitchen
And the housemaid in the hall
But when he buggered the butler
That was the dirtiest trick of all.

And now that the tinker's dead, sir,
And doubtless gone to hell
He swore he'd fuck the devil
And I'm sure he'd do it well.

THE LOBSTER SONG

Good morning Mr. Fisherman, lobsters I do seek,
Oh have you got a lobster to take home for my tea?
Yes, kind sir, I have two,
The biggest of the bastards I will give to you,

Singing

Roe tiddly oh, Roe tiddly oh, Roe tiddly oh, tiddly oh, toe, toe, toe.

I grabbed the lobster by the backbone
Stuffed it in my pocket and fucked off home,

When I got home I couldn't find a dish,
So I put it in the pot where the woman used to piss,

Early next morning the old woman rose,
Up with her nightie and let the waters flow,

Up she jumped with a groan and grunt,
There was a lobster a-hanging from her cunt,

I grabbed a brush, she grabbed a broom,
We chased the flipping lobster all round the room.,

I hit it in the back, hit it in the side,
Hit it in the bollocks till the poor bastard died,

The moral of this story, is very plain to see,
Always have a shuftie before you have a pee,

LULU

Some girls work in factories, some girls work in stores,
But Lulu works in a knocking shop with forty other whores.

CHORUS:

Bang it into Lulu, bang it good and strong,

Oh what shall we do for a good blow through when Lulu's dead and gone?

Lulu had a baby, she called it Sonny Jim,
And put him in the pisspot to see if he could swim.

First he went to the bottom, then he came to the top,
Lulu screamed and lost her head and grabbed him by the cock.

I wish I were a wedding ring upon my Lulu's hand,
And every time she wiped her arse I'd see the promised land.

I wish I were a pisspot under Lulu's bed,
For every time she pissed in it I'd see her maidenhead.

The rich girl uses vaseline, the poor girl uses lard,
Lulu uses axle grease and gets it twice as hard.

Lulu joined the WRNS they sent her to the front,
It wasn't the lead that killed them dead but the smell of Lulu's cunt.

LIMERICKS

There was a young man of Fashoda,
Who wouldn't pay a whore what he owed her,
So she jumped out of bed,
With her cunt flaming red,
And pee'd in his whisky and soda.

There was a young girl of Fashoda
Who lived in a Chinese Pagoda.
She hung on the walls
Of her halls all the balls
And the tools of the fools that bestroda.

There was a young man of Bengal,
Who had an octagonal ball,
The square of its weight,
Times the cube root of eight,
Was twice times the root of damn all.

There was a young lady of Leeds,
Who swallowed a packet of seeds,
From out of her arse,
Grew long blades of grass,
And out of her cunt grew weeds.

I am the King of Siam,
For women I care not a damn,
But soft bottomed boys,
Ah! Heavenly joys,
They call me a Bugger — I am.

There was a young girl of Madrid,
Who thought she was having a kid,
So she stuffed it with rubber,
To kill the poor mugger,
And turned out a Goodyear non-skid.

There was a young lady of Ozzit,
Who went to a water closet,
But when she got there,
She could only pass air,
That wasn't a pennyworth was it?

There was a young man of Devizes.
Who was brought up before the Assizes,
For teaching young boys
Matrimonial joys,
And giving them frenchies as prizes.

There was a young man of Madras,
Whose balls were made of brass
In windy weather
They'd clang together,
And sparks would fly out of his arse.

There was a young couple of Aberystwith,
Who united the things they kissed with;
And as they grew older,
They grew so much bolder,
They united the things they pissed with.

The Chippie had been round Cape Horn,
He wished he'd never been born,
He wouldn't have been
If his mother had seen
His father's French letter was torn.

There was a young girl from Cape Cod,
Who thought all things came from God,
But it wasn't the Almighty that lifted her nightie;
It was Roger, the lodger, the sod.

There was a young girlie named Pat,
Who had triplets, Tom, Tit, and Tat.—
But the joy of breeding was lost in the feeding,
Because there was no tit for Tat.

LAST SATURDAY NIGHT

When I came home last Saturday night as drunk as I could be
I saw a hat upon the peg where my hat ought to be (1)
I said to my wife, my darling wife, "I hope you are true to me,
Whose hat is that upon the peg where my hat ought to be?"
She said, "You're drunk you cunt, you silly old cunt
You're as drunk as a cunt can be
For that's a pudding basin your mother gave to me". (2)
Now all the world I've travelled, ten thousand miles or more
But a basin with a hat-band I've never seen before. (3)

Substitute the following lines in the above numbered lines:—

1. A coat upon the bed where my coat ought to be
2. For that's a blanket your mother gave to me
3. A blanket with brass buttons on I've never seen before.

1. A head beside the head where my head ought to be
2. For that's a turnip your mother gave to me
3. A turnip with a moustache on I've never seen before.

1. A thing beside the thing where my old thing should be
2. For that's a rolling pin your mother gave to me
3. A rolling pin with bollocks on I've never seen before.

LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE

(TUNE: *German National Anthem*)

Life presents a dismal picture
From the cradle to the tomb
Father's got an anal stricture
Mother's got a fallen womb;
Kate has chronic menstruations
Never laughs nor never smiles
I've got a genial occupation
Packing ice round Gran-pa's piles.

Little Sue has been aborted
For the forty second time;
Brother William's been deported
To a home for sexual crime;
And the baby's no exception
For his head is full of nits,
Every time he coughs he vomits
Every time he farts he shits.

But we must not be downhearted
We must not be put about
Uncle Jimmy has just farted
And blown his asshole inside out.

LITTLE ANGELINE

She was sweet sixteen, little Angeline
Pure and innocent she'd always been
Never had a thrill and a virgin still,
Poor Little Angeline.

Now the village Squire had a low desire —
The dirtiest bastard in the whole damn shire—
He had his heart on the vital part
Of Poor Little Angeline.

At the village fair the Squire was there,
Masturbating in the local square,
And his tool was raw at the sight
Of Poor Little Angeline.

As she raised her skirt to avoid the dirt
Stepping through the puddle of the Squire's last squirt
He chanced to see the comely knee
Of Poor Little Angeline.

He lifted off his hat and said, "Your cat
Has been run over and it's been crushed quite flat
My car is in the square, can I take you anywhere?"
Poor Little Angeline.

Now the dirty turd should have got the bird
But instead she followed him without a word.
As they drove away you could hear the people say,
"Poor Little Angeline".

They hadn't gone far when he stopped the car
And took her into a low down bar
Where he gave her gin to tempt her into sin,
Poor Little Angeline.

When he'd oiled her well he took her to a dell
Where he'd decided that he'd give her hell
And try his luck with a low down fuck with
Poor Little Angeline.

She cried out "Rape" when he raised her cape;
Poor little girlie there was no escape
It was time someone came to save the maiden's name,
Poor Little Angeline.

But the tale is told of a Blacksmith bold
Who'd loved little Angeline for years untold
And he vowed to be true, whatever they might do
To Poor Little Angeline.

But sad to say that selfsame day
He'd been put to prison for years to stay,
For coming in his pants at the village dance
With Poor Little Angeline.

Now the Blacksmith's cell overlooked the dell
Where the Squire was giving little Angeline hell,
And looking through the bars he recognised the arse
Of Poor Little Angeline.

When he saw them start he blew a might fart
And the walls of the prison simply fell apart
And he ran like shit lest the Squire should split
Poor Little Angeline.

When he got to the spot and saw what was what
He tied the villain's penis in a granny knot,
And as he writhed on his guts, he was kicked in the nuts
By Poor Little Angeline.

Oh Blacksmith true, I love you I do
And I see by your trousers that you love me too
Since I'm undressed come and do your best
For Poor Little Angeline.

Now it won't take long to complete my song
'Cos the hero had a penis one foot long
And his phallic charm was as brawny as his arm —
HAPPY HAPPY ANGELINE.

LILIAN

Her name was Lilian, she was a beauty
She lived in a house of ill repute;
Fellows came from miles around to see
Lilian in her deshabelle.

She was lovely, she was fair,
She had lots of golden hair,
She drank lots of demon rum,
Smoked hashish and o-pi-um.

Day by day Lilian grew thinner
Insufficient vita-min-her
She grew great hollows in her chest
Had to go round completely dressed.

Lilian's troubles started when
She covered up her abdomen
Clothes may help a man go far
But they're just no use to a *fille-de-joie*.

Lilian went to her phy-sician
He prescribed for her condition
He said you've got, I regret to say,
Per-nish-i-ous an-ae-mi-a.

She ate lots of vitamins
She ate starch and pro-te-ins
She ate starch and she ate yeast
But still her clientele decreased.

Her old admirers lasted awhile
But soon they tired of a hollow smile
Lilian died soon of starvation
Through complete lack of remuneration.

That was the story of a girl named Lilian
She was one girl in a million
This is the moral of Lilian's sins
Whatever your profession
FITNESS WINS.

LYDIA PINK

CHORUS:

*We'll drink a drink, a drink, a drink,
To Lydia Pink, a Pink, a Pink,
The saviour of the human race,
She invented a vegetable compound
Efficacious in every case.*

Mr. Brown had a very small penis,
And he could hardly raise a stand
So they gave him some of the compound
Now he comes in either hand.

(Bass) Now Master Brown had very small knackers,
They were just like a couple of peas
So they gave him some of the compound
Now they hang below his knees.

Now Mrs. Brown had very small bosoms,
They hardly showed beneath her blouse,
So they gave her some of the compound
And now they milk her, just like the cows.

Mrs. Jones had a very bad stricture
She could hardly bear to pee
So they gave her some of the compound,
Now they pump her direct to the sea.

Mrs. Green was having a baby,
And the pain it was hard to bear
So they gave her some of the compound
And now she's having it over a chair.

Mrs. Black had a very tight grummet,
And she could hardly pee at all
So they gave her some of the compound,
Now she's like Niagara Falls.

THE LITTLE RED TRAIN

(TUNE: *When Johnny Comes Marching Home*)

The little red train went down the track
And she blew, she blew.
The little red train went down the track
And she blew, she blew.
The little red train went down the track
And hit the linesman straight in the back
And she blew, blew, blew, oh Lordy how she blew.

The fireman he was at the door
And she blew, she blew.
The fireman he was at the door
And she blew, she blew.
The fireman he was at the door
Stroking the leg of an elderly whore
And she blew, blew, blew, oh Lordy how she blew.

The brakeman he was at the switch
And she blew, she blew.
The brakeman he was at the switch
And she blew, she blew.
The brakeman he was at the switch
And the train ran over the son of a bitch
And she blew, blew, blew, oh Lordy how she blew.

The engineer was at the throttle
And she blew, she blew.
The engineer was at the throttle
And she blew, she blew.
The engineer was at the throttle
Jerking himself off in a whisky bottle
And she blew, blew, blew, oh Lordy how she blew.

The signaller was in the box
And she blew, she blew.
The signaller was in the box
And she blew, she blew.
The signaller was in the box
Giving his goat a dose of pox
And she blew, blew, blew, oh Lordy how she blew.

LADY JANE

It nearly broke her father's heart
When Lady Jane became a tart,
But blood is blood and race is race,
And so to save the family face
He bought her quite the nicest beat
On the shady side of Jermyn Street.

Her father's strict regulations
Regarding all her copulations;
No balls could nestle with her charms
Unless they bore a coat of arms;
No prick could ever hope for entry
Unless it came of landed gentry.

And so her fame began to swell
A vast exclusive clientele.
'Twas even rumoured, without malice,
She had a client at the Palace,
And long before her sun had set
She'd fucked her way right through Debrett.

It hardly took poor father's fancy
When brother Claude became a Nancy.
He thought their friends would all neglect 'em
If common chaps used young Claude's rectum,
So Claude swore he would hawk his steerage
Exclusively among the peerage.

Her Ladyship, abandoning caution,
Then gave classes in abortion.
Her daughter, her first patient, died,
She spent the next ten years inside.
Poor Father, feeling rather limp
Regretfully became a pimp.

LAST NIGHT

(TUNE: Funiculi, Funicula)

Last night I pulled my pud, it did me good, I knew it would,
I knew it would.
Last night I pulled my pud, it did me good, I knew it would,
I knew it would.
Smash it, bash it, throw it on the floor,
Smite it, bite it, jam it in the door.
Some go in for buggery and some think fucking's good,
But for personal enjoyment I prefer to pull my pud.

THE MIDDIE'S DILEMMA

I want to tell you a story, about a young Mid (A) about 17 years of age, about five feet nothing, and about to go up on his first recce. Now his C.O. realising it was his first time away from the carrier, called him into the office and said "Snottie, you're all dressed up in your Irvingsuit, your very best clothes — if only your Mummy could see you now — and I want you to remember everything I have ever told you and above all, I want you to be very VERY careful ..."

But he had to go and lose the old 'Victorious'
He couldn't find the darned ship anywhere
He asked and asked to have a D/F bearing,
But never the faintest sound came o'er the air.

The cabby cursed like hell and quaffed his flagon,
He said the gas was running bloody low,
And if they couldn't find the covered wagon
They'd end up in the hogwash down below.

And all this time the gunner bore up bravely
And carefully examined his Mae West
He thought and thought of how he'd get out safely
When the Albacore upon the waves would rest.

Yes he had to go and lose the old 'Victorious'
He didn't know exactly who to blame
At finding winds he frantically laboured
But each time found the last one not the same.

He tried the spiral searches ten times over
With twists and turns he made the cabby worse
Perhaps it's just as well he wasn't sober
He might have suggested, "Next time bring your nurse".

He'd just about completed all his searches
When in his bunk he sat up with a start
His face was one big beam, for the whole thing was a dream
And he thought that he had lost the old 'Victorious'.

THE MODERN METEOROLOGIST

I am the very model of a modern Meteorologist,
A scientific calling and one needing no apologist,
I diagnose the weather without any doubt or lingerin' —
The forecast turns out well on days I haven't got my finger in.
I'm pally with St. Swithin and Old Moore's an ancient friend of mine,
J. Pluvius, the weather clerk, and Buchan often send a line,
And if it's necessary I'm delighted to inspire a
Correspondence with the shades of Ananias and Sapphira.
I explain my charts to callers in a useful terminology —
Of words that might mean anything, of doubtful etymology;
Houdini isn't in it, I'm that noted escapologist,
That equivocating casuist, the modern Meteorologist.
I keep the pilots well supplied with 'gen.' on visibility,
The customers are satisfied, our motto is civility.
I tell them what the weather's like from Yeovilton to Stornoway,
And answer silly questions till the telephone gets worn away.
To please the Plotting Office Wren I read the anemometer,
And give her information, though I'd rather throw a bomb at her;
But the duty I like best of all my duties is the daily 'un —
Explaining things away with learned words sesquipedalian,
For when I get involved in conversation catechitical,
I obfuscate the questioner with answers most political.
The science does not matter, I'm a skilful escapologist
Who'll get away with anything, a modern Meteorologist.
In fact when I know what is meant by equigeopotential,
When I can speak to brass-hats in a manner consequential,
When I have learnt to change a simple statement to a paragraph,
And tell unhesitatingly a wind-vane from a barograph;
When I can make Commander (F) believe my forecasts fictional
And carefully constructed with the help of rules predictional,
When I've become a walking encyclopaedia of weather lore, —
I'll qualify to occupy that office on the nether floor,
When I can make a forecast read in terms still MORE ambiguous,
And base emphatic statements in synoptics quite exiguous,
Then I'll consider I've become that brilliant escapologist,
The pilots' guide and counsellor, the modern Meteorologist.

ME NO LIKEE BLITISH SAILOR

Me no likee Blitish sailor,
Yankee sailor come ashore.
Me no likee Blitish sailor
Yankee sailor pay one dollar more.

Yankee sailor call me 'Honey darling',
Blitish sailor call me 'Fucking whore'.
Me no likee Blitish sailor,
Yankee sailor won't you come ashore?

Yankee sailor always wear Flench letter,
Blitish sailor never wear fuck-all.
Me no likee Blitish sailor,
Yankee sailor won't you come ashore?

Yankee sailor have one fuck and finish,
Blitish sailor fuck for evermore.
Me no likee Blitish sailor,
Yankee sailor won't you come ashore?

THE MONK

There lived monk of great renown,
There lived a monk of great renown,
There lived a monk of great renown,
And he fucked all the women all over the town.

CHORUS:

*The old sod, the old sod, the dirty old bastard,
The bugger deserved to die. Fuck:
Let us pray – Glory, Glory, Halleluja.*

He took them to his lily white bed (3 times)
And he fucked them all till they were dead.

One day he met a maiden fair (3 times)
And lured her up into his lair.

He took her to his marble halls (3 times)
And he showed her his prick and his bloody great balls.

He laid her on his lily white bed (3 times)
And he fucked the girl till she was dead.

The other monks they all cried "For shame" (3 times)
They took up a knife and cut off his bollocks.

But on that resurrection morn (3 times)
The dirty old bugger had still got a horn.

And so that monk has gone to hell (3 times)
And we've heard that he's fucking the devil as well.

THE MAYOR OF BAYSWATER

The Mayor of Bayswater's
Got a whore for a daughter
And the hairs of her Mickey-di-do
Hang down to her knee.

I know 'cause I've seen 'em
I've been up and in between 'em
The hairs of her Mickey-di-do
Hang down to her knees

One black one, one white one,
And one with a bit of shite on,
The hairs of her Mickey-di-do
Hang down to her knee.

And if I should court her,
I'd have 'em cut shorter,
The hairs of her Mickey-di-do
Hang down to her knees.

MR. CODFISH AND MR. SOLE (TUNE: *Church's One Foundation*)

Good morning Mr. Codfish, good morning Mr. Sole,
I tried to fuck your daughter, I couldn't find her 'ole.
At last I found her 'ole sir, just beneath her 'and,
But give me all the world sir, I couldn't raise a stand.

At last I got a stand sir, very long and thin,
But give me all the world sir, I couldn't pop it in.
At last I popped it in sir and waggled it about,
But give me all the world sir, I couldn't get it out.

At last I got it out sir all spunky red and raw,
But give me all the world sir I'll fuck that girl no more.
Oh yes I've learned my lesson that women are no good,
So give me all the world sir, I'll pull my fucking pud.

MR. PUPIL AND MR. INSTRUCTOR

(TUNE: *Mr. Mercer and Mr. Crosby*)

Oh, Mr. Instructor, Oh Mr. Instructor
All the other boys are hogging it today,
And I wanted to find out
What the noise is all about,
Are these Harvard aircraft really here to stay?

Oh Mr. Pupil. Yes, Mr. Instructor?
Though you other boys had Harts taped to a "Tee";
In the skyways you will play
In this same abandoned way
Straight and level Mr. Instructor?
Upward Charlies, Mr. P.

Oh Mr. Instructor, Yes, Mr. Pupil?
I've been reading in the flying magazines
When an aircraft starts to spin
Auto-rotation will set in
Can you tell me what this language really means?

Oh Mr. Pupil. Yes, Mr. Instructor?
When your aircraft speed begins to dwindle rapidly
If that aircraft starts to yaw
You're going to wind up on the floor
How too, too thrilling, Mr. Instructor
It's devastating Mr. P.

Oh Mr. Instructor. Yes, Mr. Pupil?
The man who teaches airmanship tells me
That the centrifugal force
Is enough to kill a horse
If you fool around at more than seven "G".

Oh Mr. Pupil. Yes, Mr. Instructor?
Once a guy who thought he knew a thing or three
Pulled the stick back at full power
At three hundred miles an hour
Did he get his wings Mr. Instructor?
On his shoulders, Mr. P.

Oh Mr. Instructor. Yes, Mr. Pupil?
These precautionary landings are a bore.
Now I'm holding off at last,
Only three feet from the grass,
Can you tell me what that horn is sounding for?

Oh Mr. Pupil, oh Mr. Pupil,
There's a handle on the left side don't you see.
If that handle's not pressed down,
You'll land too close to the ground,
A three-pointer, Mr. Instructor?
On your belly, Mr. P.

Oh Mr. Instructor. Yes, Mr. Pupil?
Is it true that flying's ancient as the hills
And the first galoot who flew
Way up in the skies so blue
Thought that 50 M.P.H. was packed with thrills?

Oh Mr. Pupil, oh Mr. Pupil,
Nowadays we have our airscrews made V.P.
With a boost of forty eight
When the throttle's through the gate
That's going places Mr. Instructor,
Mr. P. you're telling me.

Oh Mr. Instructor. Yes, Mr. Pupil?
It's a thousand pounds a U-boat they tell me,
When you see that U-boat's wake,
Why it's just a piece of cake.
You just drop your eggs and bog off home for tea.

Oh Mr. Pupil, oh Mr. Pupil,
A Marine dive-bombed a U-boat out at sea,
He did three-oh-nine straight down
In five minutes he came round.
In the water, Mr. Instructor?
In the U-boat, Mr. P.

MY RING A-RANG A-ROO

A maiden fair who had never been screwed,
She went to bed with a man half nude.
He took off her clothes, and her cami knicks too,
And played all night with her ring a-rang a-roo.

CHORUS:

*Your ring a-rang a-roc, now what is that?
'It's something warm like a pussy cat,
All covered with hair and split in two,
That's what I call my ring a-rang a-roo.'*

Her father came and her father said,
"You've gone and lost your maidenhead,
So pack your grip and baggage too,
And earn your living with your Ricky Dan Do."

She went to town a rollicking whore,
She hung a sign outside her door
"Ten dollars down, no less will do
To have a go at my ring a-rang a-roo."

A policeman knocked upon her door,
"Have you a license to be a whore?"
She said, "No sir, but I'll tell what I'll do
You can come and have a go at my ring a-rang a-roo."

One day there came a son of a bitch,
Who'd got the pox and seven years' itch,
He had the crabs and clinkers too
And he had a go at her ring a-rang a-roo.

The boys all came, the boys all went,
The price came down to fifteen cents,
From sweet sixteen to seventy two
All had a go at that ring a-rang a-roo.

Now nine days passed and they felt sick
And spots appeared upon their pricks.
They vowed that they — oh, never more —
Would whang it up a ruddy little whore.

Then six months passed and they felt well,
All resolutions went to hell.
Met her again, what could they do
But whang it up her ring a-rang a-roo?

Now after all, they're not to blame
For Adam and Eve were just the same.
He chased poor Eve with his big bamboo
And whanged it up her ring a-rang a-roo.

MONOLOGUE

I was sitting in the closet in the cool of dark December,
'Twas a village closet, where they shift pails by night,
I had dropped my humble "richard", and was groping I remember,
For a little bit of paper to put my rosette right.

Now the walls were not adorned for my visit by diurnal,
With little bits of paper of the antiseptic make,
So I stooped and found a portion of the Ad. page of a journal,
Which for my unromantic deed of course I had to take.

As I stooped I saw a picture,
'Twas a photo of a girl that I had very much admired,
She had taken someone's bilious beans,
And they had sent her sprinting,
After ten years' constipation — of their praise she'd never tired.

Now, I couldn't wipe my bottom on the portrait of my darling,
And the other side was gritty where some goon had put his foot,
Now, piles I've badly got 'em
For I had to wipe my bottom,
On a little piece of leather that I found inside my boot.

THE N.A.A.F.I. GIRL

(TUNE: *Phil the Fluter's Ball*)

I'll tell you the story of the N.A.A.F.'s Annual Ball
I spied the Senior Pilot standing there against the wall
One arm round a N.A.A.F.I. girl and the other on her breast
He was trying to seduce her and she was hoping for the best.

He bent down and kissed her, the essence of gentility
She snuggled to him closely and gave a little sigh
She undid her panties, the essence of civility
Then pulled him to her quickly and gave the N.A.A.F.I. cry.

Whip it in, out, round about, bash me against the wall
Give it to me darling or I'll kick you in the balls
Give it to me Daddy, with a boogy woogy beat
Don't stint yourself darling, there's no ration on this meat.

NO BALLS AT ALL

Oh come all you maidens just listen awhile,
I'll tell you a story that'll make you all smile,
About a young maiden, so fair and so tall,
Who married a man who had no balls at all

CHORUS:

*No balls at all, no balls at all,
She married a man who had no balls at all*

The night of her wedding she got into bed,
And thought she would lose her fair maidenhead,
She felt for his John it was very small,
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

The next morning early she got out of bed,
And crying she went to her mother and said,
"Oh mother, dear mother, my pleasures are small,
I've married a man who's got no balls at all."

NO BALLS AT ALL IF YOUR ENGINE CUTS OUT

CHORUS:

*No balls at all, no balls at all,
If your engine cuts out, you'll have no balls at all.*

In the year Anno Domini 1924,
In the Kingdom of Basra there started a war,
H.Q. got excited and sent for old Bert,
To pull operations right out of the dirt.

Now this bold bad rough pilot set out to bomb,
His bombs were O.K. but his tank was not full.
The A.G. behind the pilot did shout,
"You'll have no balls at all if your engine cuts out".

They were just over Soom when the engine cut out,
And over the intercom came an agonised shout,
"If you land at the East of the Basrian Pass,
You might as well stick the Lewis gun right up your arse."

They looked o'er the side and 'twas plain to see,
Sheik Abdul Mohammed and his men were at tea.
Lounging around midst the sand and the rocks,
Discussing Spring fashions and pruning their cocks.

They landed and ran like the chaff in the wind,
Leaving those Arabs just ten feet behind.
They knew they were in for some terrible shocks,
So they bashed out their bollocks on big spiky rocks.

St. Peter reclined in a fleecy white cloud,
The Orderly Archangel came flapping around.
He said to St. Peter "It's quite plain to me,
I have here a message which you ought to see.

"It's by W/T and it's marked with a P,
Addressed to St. Peter repeat Holy Three.
It's sender is Bert and the date is today,
It says there's a Swordfish that's heading our way".

They came in to land at the dead of the night,
They laid out the flarepath, they set it alight.
They fired off Very lights Red, Green and White,
To show them the wind and which way to alight.

Now when they had landed they were full of good cheer,
St. Peter said, "Come in lads let's split the odd beer."
The pilot replied in a voice high and shrill,
"I thank you, St. Peter, I thank you, we will."

The moral of this story is quite plain to see,
Look after your petrol wherever you be.
If among the Turks or the Gurks you must land,
Be sure that your bollocks are off beforehand.

NEMESIS

My days of youth are over
My torch of life burned out,
What used to be my sex appeal
Is now my water spout.

Time was when of its own accord
"Twould proudly from my trousers spring,
But now I've got a full time job
To find the blasted thing.

It used to be amazing
The way it would behave
As early every morning
It stood and watched me shave.

But as old age approaches
It fair gives me the blues
To see it hang its withered head
And watch me clean my shoes.

NO COMMENT

Sure a little bit of dirt and shit fell out the sky one day,
And it landed in the hogwash not so many miles away;
And when the Navy found it sure it looked so bleak and bare,
They said suppose we leave it for a Naval base up there.
So they dotted it with battleships to make its lakes look grand,
And they crowded it with matelots, the best in all the land;
Then they sprinkled it with rain and sleet and hail and bloody snow,
And when they had it finished sure they called it SCAPA FLOW.

THE NEW TYPIST

I don't think I shall like this job, from what I've seen at least,
The other girls are awful frumps, the office boy's a beast.
The office is uncomfortable, it's bare and half in gloom,
I wonder what the boss is like — I suppose that is his room.

Oh, now I'm wanted, that's the boss, he's swinging in his chair,
He looks a dear, he's not too old, I thought he'd have grey hair.
I feel him taking me all in, he's eyeing me a lot,
He seems most interested in the sort of legs I've got.

At any rate they're shapely, and my stockings fit all right.
He's looking at my figure now — this frock is rather tight,
Perhaps it's usual for the boss to notice what you wear,
I'm feeling rather glad he likes my blouse and shingled hair.

Ought I to let him hold my hand, I never understood
That office work included that, but there, I suppose it should;
At least I won't displease him, and so I do not know,
His head is soft on my bare arms, he likes my blouse cut low.

I've got to join him on the couch and sit down by his side,
(It's true those buttons will undo) Oh! his hand has slipped inside,
I think I ought to slap him, perhaps he'll go too far,
He holds me tightly round the waist, he's going to kiss me 'Aah'.

I wonder if it's usual, oh his lips are hot on mine,
I think I'd better let him for his kisses are divine,
It makes me tremble like a leaf, I can't stand any more,
I'm glad he's left me, I feel faint; Oh dear, he's locked the door.

I've never heard of work like this, it's sure to be all right,
My blouse won't open any more, I hope my breasts are white,
I'd rather like them to be kissed, he likes it too I see,
He wants my left leg on the couch, he's tickling my knee.

I feel so strange, so quivering, he's asking what I wear,
His hand is sliding up my thigh, why is he fumbling there,
He wants my knickers open now, I'll do it or he'll tear them.
Did I do wrong to have them on, perhaps typists shouldn't wear them.

I like my nipples to be kissed, so hard they've never been,
Oh dear, I simply can't stand that, he's kissing in between.
Oh dear, he's crumpling up my frock, I know there'll be a tear,
I'll hold it up, it's best like that, if he wants my legs all bare.

He seems to want them wide apart, I'll spread them wider still,
It's nice to feel him pressing there, it makes my thighs all thrill.
Why does he want my hand down there his buttons to undo?
Well I suppose I'd better since he wants me to.

Oh goodness, what was that I touched, so hot, so hard, so long?
It's awfully nice to hold it, I suppose it can't be wrong,
Oh dear, how it's throbbing and my hands are all wet.
He's raised himself, so I suppose, he wants me closer yet.

Oh goodness, those are marvellous. How short and round they are.
I feel it throbbing just inside, but he can't go very far.
Oh dear, it hurts, no, no, it's nice, how fierce and tight he grips,
Something gave way inside just now, and up and up it slips.

Yes, yes, that's nice, oh-aah-ooh, that movement to and fro,
It's going further I can feel there's not much more to go,
Oh yes it seems to fill me, it's right in without a doubt,
I'll wriggle round and up and down, as he goes in and out.

Oh quicker, quicker, quicker, won't it go in any more?
I've never dreamt of anything so wonderful before.
Such joy as this will never last, his kisses burn my breast
— Yes, yes, all right, I also wish that we were both undressed.

Oh what a marvellous size it's grown, it must have stretched me wide,
Oh dear, oh dear, I wonder what is taking place inside?
Oh what has ended that long thrill, what so convulsed me then?
And gurgled so hot from him to me, what gorgeous things are men.

Oh my, it's slipping out of me, it's different in its size,
It tickles as it's coming out, it's soaking all my thighs.
I'm glad he's found it just as nice and says I'm quite as pleasing,
It's nice to feel him dressing me, he's kissing me and teasing.

I'm glad he wants me every day and as that is the case
I'll tell my Dad I'm sure I'm going to like this place.

O'RILEY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting by the fire
Drinking O'Riley's rum and water,
When a thought came in my head
I would shag O'Riley's daughter.

CHORUS:

*Yippee-I-A, Yippee-I-A,
Yippee-I-A for the one eyed Riley.
Shove it up, stuff it up, Balls and all
Jig-a-jig-a-jig Tres Bon.*

Up the stairs and into bed
Quickly cocking my left leg over,
Never a word the maiden said
But laughed like hell when the job was over.

I heard some footsteps on the stairs
Who could it be but the one eyed Riley,
Two great pistols in his hands
Looking for the bloke who had shagged his daughter.

I grabbed the pistols from his hands
Pushed his head in a bucket of water,
Stuffed the pistols up his arse
A bloody sight quicker than I shagged his daughter.

Now O'Riley's dead and gone
He will haunt us all no longer.
We took the lid of his coffin off
To mend a hole in the shit house door sir.

OLD KING COLE

Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for a light
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Now every fiddler had a very fine fiddle
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee, said the fiddlers,
Very merry men are we,
There's none so rare as can compare
With the boys of the Queen's Navy.

Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for a light
And he called for his painters three.

Now every painter had a very fine brush
And a very fine brush had he;
Slap it up and down, up and down, said the painters
Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee, said the fiddlers
Very merry men ... etc.

Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for a light
And he called for his Tailors three.

Now every tailor had a very fine needle
And a very fine needle had he;
Whip it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,
Slap it up and down, up and down, said the painters,
Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee, said the fiddlers
Very merry men ... etc.

Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for a light
And he called for his Butchers three.

Now every butcher had a very fine block
And a very fine block had he;
Put your meat on the block, said the butchers,
Whip it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,
Slap it up and down, up and down, said the painters,
Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee, said the fiddlers,
Very merry men ... etc.

Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for a light
And he called for his Jugglers three.

Now every juggler had some very fine balls,
And some very fine balls had he.
Throw your balls in the air, said the jugglers,
Put your meat on the block, said the butchers,
Whip it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,
Slap it up and down, up and down, said the painters,
Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee, said the fiddlers,
Very merry men ... etc.

Now Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe and he called for a light
And he called for his coachmen three.

Now every coachman had a very fine horn,
And a very fine horn had he.
I've got the horn, got the horn, said the coachmen,
Throw your balls in the air, said the jugglers,
Put your meat on the block, said the butchers,
Whip it in and out, in and out, said the tailors,
Slap it up and down, up and down, said the painters,
Fiddle-diddle-dee, diddle-dee, said the fiddlers,
Very merry men are we,
There's none so rare as can compare
With the boys of the Queen's Navy.

OH! MR. AGGIE
(TUNE: Oh! Mr. Gallagher!)

Oh! Mr. Aggie!, Oh! Mr. Aggie!
Is it true the clipped-wing Barra's come to stay?
For this morning in formation, you were slightly out of station
And I saw my starboard wingtip break away.

Oh! Mr. Hoggie! Oh! Mr. Hoggie!
I'm afraid I must agree with all you say,
Wasn't trouble with my vision, but avoiding a collision —
Harry Trimmers Mr. Hoggie! HARRY DIMMERS Mr. A!

Oh! Mr. Aggie! Oh! Mr. Aggie!
Now the next time you are flying in a pair,
You'll recall that Faireys' wings, though they seem quite solid things,
Can't be touched by other wingtips in the air.

Oh! Mr. Hoggie! Oh! Mr. Hoggie!
Now I know that Harry close-ers doesn't pay;
Simply tried to climb a bit, but the wingtips must have hit —
Clipped it nicely Mr. Hoggie! PRETTY DICEY Mr. A!

Oh! Mr. Aggie! Oh! Mr. Aggie!
I've been trained to do dive-bombing for the fleet:
My torpedoes never miss but I'll be as poor as piss
If my Barracuda airframe's incomplete.

Oh! Mr. Hoggie! Oh! Mr. Hoggie!
I was looking in my log book yesterday:
I've pranged tons of bloody shipping, now I've taken up wing-clipping
And I'm sorry Mr. Hoggie! YOU'RE THE BOTTOMS Mr. A!

I'M DREAMING TONIGHT OF MY BARRA
(TUNE: *I'm dreaming tonight of my Blue Eyes*)

Oh! I'm dreaming tonight of my Barra,
As I dive her straight into the sea;
Oh! I'm dreaming tonight of my mainplane,
And I wonder if my rivets think of me.

Oh! you told us that we were too cissy,
And by word showed us how to be tough,
And we said we would dive at two-eighty,
But three-fifty you could shove right up your chough!

When the cold, cold waves do enfold me,
Will you stand FOCT and shed just one tear?
Will you say to the gold braid all round you
That the boys you have murdered lie here?

When I'm drawing my harp and my halo,
And my wings that won't fold in a dive,
I will say to the angels around me,
That the rest of the boys will soon arrive.

(*sotto voce ... pp*) Oh! I'm dreaming tonight of my Barra,
As I dive her straight into the sea;
Oh! I'm dreaming tonight of my mainplane,
And I wonder if my rivets think of me.

THE OBSERVER'S LAMENT
(TUNE: *The Blue Hungarian Band*)

Now the first time that I went up in a Wireless Aeroplane
Lah-di dadi dadi dadi dah,
I called them in the carrier and I called them up in vain,
Lah-di dadi dadi dadi dah.
I waggled the condenser and I twirled the A.T.I.
I thumped upon the ruddy key and gave them "I.M.I."
Was there ever an observer more unfortunate than I?
Lah-di dadi dadi dadi dah.

We always get the "wind up" when we go up in the air,
Lah-di dadi dadi dadi dah,
I couldn't get the signal through, so I sent it down en clair,
Lah-di dadi dadi dadi dah.
The Wireless Operators all fell down in a fit;
They took that ruddy signal and they showed the Admiral it.
Now I've got to see the Captain and I'm fairly in the shit,
Lah-di dadi dadi dadi dah.

Now the first time that I landed on Argus' flying deck
Lah-di dadi dadi dadi dah,
I went into the palisades and nearly broke my neck,
Lah-di dadi dadi dadi dah.
There was a great commotion; the Captain gave a shout;
At first I couldn't find out what the fuss was all about;
Then they said that we had landed while the "negative" was out,
Lah-di dadi dadi dadi dah.

One day I went up spotting for the Battlecruiser Squad,
Lah-di dadi dadi dadi dah,
The day was thick and foggy and I couldn't see a yard,
Lah-di dadi dadi dadi dah.
I couldn't see the B.C.S. and they could not see me;
All I could see was several salvos falling in the sea.
And every time I made "SS" it should have been "GG",
Lah-di dadi dadi dadi dah.

*(An early Naval Observer song – about 1922.
M. Farquhar responsible for the last two verses.)*

THE OLD WOMAN OF DUBLIN

There was an old woman in Dublin did dwell,
And the dirty old bitch I knew her quite well,
She went to the country for a holiday.
She was goosed right and left before she got half way.

CHORUS:

*Toor-a-loo, toor-a-lay, it's a bloody fine song
I could sing it all day;
Toor-a-loo, not a bit, it's a bloody fine song
But it's all about shit.*

She got up in the night for she wanted the pot
Which perchance the old slave entirely forgot
Said she, "I can't help it if things come to pass",
So she upped wid the winder and stuck out her arse.

A smart young policeman was walking his beat
Which happened to be in that part of the street;
He gazed at the stars as they shone in the sky,
And a bit of soft shit caught him right in the eye.

And this is the trouble that old bitch did cause
The poor young policeman was axed from the force;
And if you go to Dublin you can there see him sit
Wid a card round his neck saying "Blinded by shit".

THE OLD FARMER

There was an old farmer who stood on a rick,
Shouting and swearing and waving his
Fist at the sailors who sat on the rocks
Teaching the children to play with their
Kites and their marbles as in days of yore,
When along came a lady who looked like a
Decent young lady, she walked like a duck,
She said she was teaching a new way to
Educate the children, to sew and to knit,
While the boys in the stables were shovelling the
Contents of the stables, the muck and mud,
The dirty old Squire was pulling his
Horse from the stable to go on a hunt,
His wife in her boudoir was powdering her
Nose and arranging her vanity box,
And taking precautions to ward off the
Gout and rheumatics which left her so stiff,
How well she remembered her last dose of
What did you think I was going to say
You dirty old bastards, that's all for today.

OUR OUTSIDE W.C.

Please don't burn our shithouse down,
Mother is willing to pay,
Father's away on the ocean blue,
Kate's in the family way,
Brother dear has gonorrhoea,
Times are fucking hard —
So please don't burn our shithouse down
Or we'll have to shit out in the yard.

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG (TUNE: *On Top of Old Smoky*)

On top of old Pyongyang
All covered with flak
I lost my poor wing-man
He never came back.

For flying's a pleasure
But crashin' is grief,
And a quick-triggered commie
Is worse than a thief.

A thief will just rob you
And take what you save,
But a quick-triggered commie
Will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you
And turn you to dust,
Not one Mig in a million
A Fury can trust.

They'll chase you and kill you
And send out more lead
Than cuts in a railroad
Or Migs overhead.

So come all you pilots
And listen to me
Never go to Amgak
Or old Sinwon-ni.

... COME CHEER UP MY LADS
TIS TO GLORY WE STEER



For planes they will splatter
And the pilots will die.
You'll stay in Korea
And never more fly.

The moral of this story
You plainly can see ;
There is nothing better
Than Barracks at Lee.

ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT 'AT

Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee?
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.

I were a coortin' Mary Jane
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.

Tha's bahn ter get thi death o' cold
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.

Then we shall ha' to bury thee
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.

Then t'worms'll come an' ate thee up
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.

Then t'ducks'll come an' ate an t'worms
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.

Then we shall come an' ate them ducks
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.

Then we shall all 'av etten thee
On Ilkley Moor baht 'at.

THE GOOD SHIP OCEAN

'Twas on the good ship Ocean,
Where Brander had a notion,
Both Fury Squadrons were his aim,
An unpredicted bunch to claim,
But he succeeded just the same,
Aboard the good ship Ocean.

The year of '52 drew on,
All thoughts of going home were gone,
And hence the boss of 898,
Was here-in-after proud to state:
"The squadron will amalgamate" —
Aboard the wicked Ocean.

So East we pushed in search of war,
Glad to sail, Christ knows what for,
We pranged a couple on the way,
And later Pugh was heard to say
"That bloody deck got in the way",
At sea aboard the Ocean.

One night the Captain spun a tale,
All air inside the ship went stale,
"We're off afresh, a mission new,
I send this gen to each of you,
At best it's something new to do,
Aboard the restless Ocean".

So off we went around Inchon,
To land some helicopter on,
The flight and weather decks were cleared,
Goofers all just disappeared,
We're all a shower of shits, it's feared,
Aboard the good ship Ocean.

But soon we're going home for good,
We'd clear off now if e'er we could,
We'll reach Hong Kong and draw our pay,
Before proceeding to U.K.
For Ocean that'll be the day,
Thank Christ it's nearly over.

And hence we came across Japan,
A run ashore with mama-san,
A fairish number thronged the throne,
I wonder, would they, had they known?
The wisest left the thing alone,
A run ashore from Ocean.

When airborne in a later flight,
Young Hick returned to ditch his kite,
Such scares as these you must agree,
Are not the proper things at sea,
But he didn't mind apparently,
Brave deeds aboard the Ocean.

Along came Whitfield in good time,
And more to swell the Squadron's crime,
He flew, it's true, a trip or two,
They say that's what they're there to do,
Of course they love it, wouldn't you?
Aboard the monster Ocean.

Whilst homing on the ship one day,
With "out of focus" C.C.A.,
Pete Sheppard chanced a right hand turn,
A thing that pilots seldom learn,
It caused the "Flyco" great concern,
On board the worthless Ocean.

And when it ended, all went slack,
Our routine from the Med was back,
But L.S.O. suppressed a frown,
Not to mention looks from Brown,
When Hagdorn landed upside down,
Aboard the flat-top Ocean.

Then Gudgeon came upon the scene,
His aim, to get the messdecks clean,
But soon discovered he was getting,
By crawling 'neath the hammock netting,
Dirty knees for not forgetting,
What he found on Ocean.

A PILOT'S LOT

When a pilot's not impinging on the barrier (on the barrier)
Or trying his unwilling crew to drown (crew to drown)
If you cannot find him drinking in the wardroom of the carrier
It's safe to bet his head he's crashing down (crashing down)
While he's waiting apprehensive on the booster (on the booster)
And Commander (Flying) takes his bloody time (bloody time)
When he's trying to home his aircraft on the rooster (on the rooster)
Then the pilot sits and thinks "Gaw" what a gime ("Gaw" what a gime)
When there's taxi-driving duties to be done (to be done)
Then a pilot's lot is not a happy one (happy one)

An Observer's handicapped by major space considerations
Unless by chance he should be very small (very small)
Beacon sets and several other installations (installations)
It's a wonder he can operate at all (-ate at.all)
When the poor old "O" comes staggering down the flight deck like a porter,
With canvas sack and chartboard in his hand (in his hand)
His parachute he wears because they tell him he oughter
Hanging round his legs so that he can hardly stand (hardly stand)
When there's back seat jobs and plotting to be done (to be done)
An Observer's lot is not a happy one (happy one).

THE PORTIONS OF A WOMAN

(TUNE: Tangle o' The Isles)

The portion of a woman that appeals to man's depravity
Is fashioned with considerable care,
And what appears to you to be a simple little cavity,
Is really an elaborate affair.

The doctors of distinction have examined these phenomena
In several experimental games,
And made a list of all the things in feminine abdomena
And given them delightful Latin names.

There's the 'Vulva' and 'Vagina' and the dear old 'Perinaeum'
And the 'Hymen' which is found in certain brides,
And lots of little gadgets which you'd love if you could see them,
The 'Clitoris' and several more besides.

Isn't it a pity that when people idly chatter
Of the mysteries to which I've just referred,
That they speak of such a delicate and complicated matter
With such a short and unattractive word.

THE TALE OF THE PEDIGREE PIDDLING PUP IN TEN PIDDLERS AND A PUDDLE

A farmer's dog came into town,
His name was Noble Runt,
A wondrous pedigree had he
Noblesse Oblige his stunt.
And as he trotted down the street
'Twas wonderful to see
His work on every corner,
Pillar, post and tree.

When all the other city dogs
Were summoned with a yell
To sniff the country stranger o'er
And judge him by his smell;
Some thought that he a knight might be
Beneath his tail a rose,
And one by one they came to him
To sniff him up the nose.

They sniff him over, one by one,
They sniffed him, two by two,
And Runt stood on in high disdain
Until the lot were through.
And just to show the whole damn lot
He didn't give a damn,
He trotted into a grocery store
And piddled on a ham.

He piddled on a mackerel keg
He piddled on the floor
And when the grocer kicked him out
He piddled through the door.
Then all the other city dogs
Lined up with instinct true
To start a piddling Carnival
And see the stranger through.

They showed him all the piddling posts
They had in all the town
And started in with many a wink,
To pee the stranger through.
They sent for champion piddle pups
Who were always on the go
Who sometimes gave a piddling stunt
Or gave a piddling show.

They set these on him unawares
When half way through the town,
Runt merely smiled and polished off
The ablest white and brown.
Then Runt did free-hand piddling
With fancy flirts and flips
Such as 'Double-Dip' and 'Gimlet Twist'
And all the latest hits.

On and on went Noble Runt
As wet as any rill
While nearly all the city dogs
Were peed to a standstill.
On and on he blithely went
With hind leg kicking high
While most were hoisting legs in bluff
And piddling mightily dry.

And all the time this stunt was on
He didn't even grin
But blithely piddled out of town
As he had piddled in.
The other dogs looked on amazed
In deep and jealous rage
Who was this simple country dog
The piddler of his age?

THE PLUMBERS' RUN

Come across the Seven Seas,
One fat, one thin, one tall,
A Sub. and two Lieutenant (E)s
— Jolly plumbers all.

As of old the bold marauder went to loot the Spanish main,
See them creep across the border to the northward into Spain.

In the dust the dogs lie dreaming, and the frontier stands unbarred,
Guarded by the bayonets gleaming of the sullen Civil Guard.

Through the crowds of whining, pawing beggars, guides, disfigured, lame,
Savagely their progress boring, our gallant heroes came.

Now ho! the night before them stretches, all are in a festive mood.
Sudden pangs — the stomach fetches, first desire of all is food.

Shall we take some small tomatoes, stuffed crustacea at the boil,
Garlic scented new potatoes, or a black cat fried in oil?

Prawns as red as Russia's flag, Sir, — fling away the empty tins,
Eat the entrails of a stag, Sir, to the tune of mandolins.

Anchovies curled like mermaids sleeping, Spanish omelette served with beans,
The souls of long dead sailors creeping in the eyes of tinned sardines.

At last the feast is done and ended, sucking foul and long cigars,
The three their wicked way have wended seeking wenches, wine, guitars.

Now over all the traces kicked, away down Gib. Street, high and wide,
The younger has his pocket picked by the snivelling Spanish guide.

Behold the elder, lazy loafer, ogled by a gang of sluts,
Lying back upon a sofa trickling sherry down his guts.

The Sub who's bred on English beer, introduced to wine and harlots
Finds he can neither steam nor steer the erstwhile terror of Queen Charlottes.

See the moon has risen high like a shapely maiden's mouth.
Hear the distant murmuring sigh — 'tis our comrades moving South.

Singing, shouting, banging shutters, wine and blood on coat and cuffs,
Bouncing in the dirty gutters — a revolting crowd of roughs.

Remembering the food he gobbled, feels the creeping hand of Fate,
The fat one's sick upon the cobbles long before they reach the gate.

For taxi-cabs they soon start roaring, deep into their pockets delve,
Slumped across the back seat, snoring, all return at half past twelve.

Nearly falling in the water, calling vainly on the Lord,
Like three Vikings from the slaughter the slobbering drunkards crawl on board.

But see who's padding into sight, like a cat upon a wall,
Or the wolf that comes by night, a stooping figure, lean and tall.

Steaming like a shadowing cruiser, keeping just four cables clear,
Another plumber, late night boozier? — My God! The Senior Engineer!

So be warned, if melancholy, when you hear the sunset gun,
Don't be tempted to the folly of a drunken Plumbers' Run.

PYONGYANG — A DIRGE
(TUNE: *Maryland*)

The Chinese is a lucky man o'er Pyongyang, o'er Pyongyang.
The Sea Fury's an "also ran" o'er Pyongyang, o'er Pyongyang.
Both Fireflies and Furies too,
The Migs laugh up their sleeves at you,
And you know well it's bloody true o'er Pyongyang, o'er Pyongyang.

Oh how I hate the Chinese flak o'er Pyongyang, o'er Pyongyang,
It comes up thick and bloody black o'er Pyongyang, o'er Pyongyang.
And if a Sea Fury you drive
And if you wish to stay alive
Don't spare the gas, steer 235 from Pyongyang, from Pyongyang.

In "Ladybird" are sailors too, so very far from Pyongyang,
All dressed up in their Nos. 2 so very far from Pyongyang.
They fuck our women, drink our wine,
For them this war is bloody fine,
And don't they shoot a wicked line 'bout Pyongyang, 'bout Pyongyang.

And when this bloody war is done o'er Pyongyang, o'er Pyongyang,
There'll be no Mig up in the sun o'er Pyongyang, o'er Pyongyang.
The folks back home will sing our praise;
They'll call us all their heroes brave
And we'll smile back from out our grave at Pyongyang, at Pyongyang.

PAINFUL POEMS

Uncle Dick and Auntie Mabel
Fainted at the breakfast table
This should be a solemn warning
Not to do it in the morning.

Uncle Ted has much improved
Since he had his balls removed;
Not only has he lost desire
He now sings treble in the choir.

At a party little Dick
Shouted "Someone suck my prick".
Women fainted, strong men shuddered,
Father said "Well I'll be buggared".

Little Francis home from school
Picked up baby by the tool,
Nursie said "Now Master Francis,
Don't spoil baby's fucking chances".

Little Miss Muffett sat on a tuffet
Her knickers all tattered and torn,
It wasn't a spider that sat down beside her
But little Boy Blue with his Horn.

THE PERSIAN KITTEN

The Persian Kitten all perfumed and fair,
Went out in the old back yard for air.

Just then a Tom Cat, lithe and strong,
Dirty and yellow, happened along.

Thinking an hour or two to pass,
He said to that kitten, "You sure got class"

"I certainly have, and a coat of silk —
And every day they feed me on certified milk.

I ought to be pleased and contented with my lot
I ought to be happy, but happy I'm NOT."

"Cheer up" said the Tom Cat with a smile,
"Just trust in your new found friend for a while".

His whiskers over his eyebrows curled
As he told her tales of the outside world.

Suggesting with a lazy laugh
A trip for those two down the primrose path.

* * *

The morning after the night before
That kitten got home at a quarter past four.

The innocent look from her eyes had went
But the smile on her face — Oh Boy! — it was pure content.

In after days when kittens came
To that Persian Kitten of pedigree fame ,

They weren't Persians — they were black and tan
And she told them that their Daddy was a Travelling Man.

REVERIE

(TUNE: *Shall We Gather at the River*)

For a strong and virile nation there's a joy in copulation,
Which is seldom found in any other sport;
For the hymen's gentle breaking as virginity you're taking,
Gives the sweetest and most delicate report.

Before indulging in this pastime reminiscent of the last time,
There are certain little things to see to first;
And the joy of her undressing, affectionate caressing,
Will stimulate her passion fit to burst.

Then she sits upon a chair with captivating air,
And a naughty twinkle in her eye;
Then succumbing to her charms, he gently takes her in his arms,
As she modestly pretends to hide her thighs.

As they play before the fire there comes a great desire,
Then he roguishly suggests the final fling;
After many "No's" and "Yes's", she sighs and acquiesces,
Upon the divan soon they passionately cling.

It's a rich and lovely feeling with your back towards the ceiling,
And a naughty little lady underneath;
And you cautiously insert it being careful not to hurt it,
With the curls that get entangled with the sheath.

As the dawn is softly breaking and his testicles are aching,
And the lady too is feeling the strain;
They know the risks they're taking and the trouble in the making,
But they wish they could do it once again.

ROEDEAN SCHOOL

We come from Roedean, nice girls are we,
Try to preserve our virginity;
We know the ropes, we've read Marie Stopes,
We come from Roedean School.

And when we hold our little school dance,
We always wear our little short pants;
We like to give the nice boys a chance,
We come from Roedean School.

And when the Vicar he comes to tea,
We put his hand where it shouldn't be;
We give him brandy we make him randy,
We come from Roedean School.

Our old headmistress, she's quite a sport,
She doesn't mind if we don't get caught;
We take precautions, we have our abortions,
We come from Roedean School.

The Gymn Mistress here is a terrible swell,
In the classroom she shows us as clear as a bell;
Her ideas of love stuff, but gives us the rough stuff,
We come from Roedean School.

We have a page boy his name is Dick,
He really has a very small prick;
It's all right for keyholes and little girlies' weeholes,
But no good at Roedean School.

Our head girl her name is Jane,
She only likes it now and again;
And again and again and again and again
And again and again and again.

We have a schoolgirl her name is Nell,
And when she drops 'em, oh how they smell;
She dropped one last Sunday which hung round till Monday,
Polluting our Roedean School.

We lie in our beds a-thinking each night,
How nice it would be to do the thing right.
We've tried all the wheezes with candles and tweezers,
It's no good at Roedean School.

And in conclusion what we expect,
Whether we're single or just a reject;
It's a quiet little nibble without any quibble,
We've been trained at Roedean School.

ROUND THE CORNER

I paid a quid to see
That much tattooed lady:
And right across her jaw
Was the badge of the Anzac Corps,
And on her chest was a possum
With the gay red white and blue,
And on her back was the Union Jack
And a ruddy great Kangaroo.
The map of Germany was where it ought to be,
And right across her hips
Was a line of battleships;
And on her kidney, her kidney,
Was a bird's eye view of Sydney,
And round the corner, round the corner,
Was the (w)hole of Tennessee.

RIVETS FROM HEAVEN

(TUNE: Pennies from Heaven)

Every time it rains
Rivets from Heaven
You'll find rivets falling fast
From Crail to Leven.

And when you dive your Barra
Straight at the ground
Make sure your propeller
Is going round.

Don't wait for your wings to fold,
"Tag", "O" and "I"
Better far to catch a cold —
So — ditch in the sea!

And when those Merlins thunder
Scramble under a tree;
There'll be rivets from Barras
From Crail to Lee.

ROLL ME OVER

Now this is number one, and the song has just begun

CHORUS:

Roll me over, lay me down and do it again

Roll me over in the clover

Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Now this is number 2, and he's got me in a stew.

Now this is number 3, and his hand is on my knee.

Now this is number 4, and he's got me on the floor.

Now this is number 5, and his hand is on my thigh.

Now this is number 6, and he's got me in a fix.

Now this is number 7, and it's just like being in heaven.

Now this is number 8, and the Doctor's at the gate.

Now this is number 9, and the twins are doing fine.

Now this is number 10, and he's started once again.

THE RAJAH-SAHIB OF ASTRAKHAN

The Rajah-Sahib of Astrakhan, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,

A most licentious cunt of a man, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,

Had wives a hundred and forty nine,

And many a favourite concubine.

CHORUS:

Yo-ho, ye buggers, Yo-ho, ye buggers,

Yo-ho, Yo-ho, Yo-ho.

One night he woke with a hell of a stand, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,

He called for a warrior, one of his band, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,

You bugger, you cunt, you bastard, you swine,

Go bring me my favourite concubine.

The warrior brought his concubine, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,

A face like Venus, a form divine, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,

The Rajah gave a hell of a grunt,

And shoved his penis up her cunt.

The Rajah's stroke was long and slick, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
And soon the maiden was breathing quick, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
But just as the fuck came to a head,
The silly buggers fell through the bed.

There's a moral to this tale, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
There's a moral to this tale, Yo-ho, Yo-ho,
There's a moral to it all,
Always fuck 'em against a wall.

RUM AND COCA-COLA
(TUNE: *Rum and Coca-Cola*)

CHORUS:

*Drinking rum and coca-cola,
Drink whisky, play tombola,
Brandy's my consola,
Let's fill this ship with alcohola!*

The British came to old Hongkong,
And found surrender going wrong,
Instead of signing on "Indom"
The blighters chose the new "Anson"!

Now the "Anson" came from old U.K.,
She broke down three times on the way,
She never fired a shot in anger,
No Kamikaze ever pranged 'er!

Now the "Indom" lay off old Kai Tak,
We must admit she looked a wreck,
The "Anson" gleaming in the sun,
Had never fired a ruddy gun!

When Kamikaze hit "Indom",
Branch types sang this solemn song,
"With enemy we'll come to grips,
Not like these ruddy battleships!"

Day after day, day after day,
It seems that we are here to stay,
And lie rotting 'neath the sun,
With sampans, junks and B.S. one!

Confidentially, it seems to me,
Eventually we'll go to sea,
"Anson" will go to old U.K.,
And I'll bet we go the other way.

THE RAM O' DERBYSHIRE
(*TUNE: The Lincolnshire Poacher*)

Now in the county of Derbyshire
There was a famous ram.
His fame was spread o'er the countryside
His prick was like a ham.

CHORUS:

*And if you don't believe me
And you think I'm telling a lie
Just ask the maids of Derbyshire
Who'll tell you the same as I.*

And when the ram was born, Sir,
He had two horns of brass,
One stuck out of his abdomen
The other stuck out of his arse.

And when the ram was young, Sir,
He had a curious trick
Of jumping over a five-barred gate
And landing on his prick.

And when the ram was middle-aged
They carried him in a truck,
And all the maids of Derbyshire
Came down to have a fuck.

And when the ram was old, Sir,
They put him aboard a lugger,
And all the boys of Derbyshire
Came up to have a bugger.

And when the ram was dead, Sir,
They buried him in St. Paul's;
It took ten men and an omnibus
To carry one of his balls.

RED PLUSH BREECHES

John Thomas was a footman tall,
The pride of all the servants' hall
And he was the tallest of them all
And he wore red plush breeches.

CHORUS:

*For he wore red plush breeches,
For he wore red plush breeches,
For he wore red plush breeches,
That kept John Thomas warm.*

And out of all that servant host
There was one girl he loved the most,
Who kept John Thomas warm as toast
Inside those red plush breeches.

He took her out one moonlight night
When all the stars were shining bright,
And oh, the pressure was so tight
Upon those red plush breeches.

They found a seat to sit upon
And then a bank to lay upon,
Next morning she sewed buttons on
A pair of red plush breeches.

To all the world it was quite plain
That Thomas was the man to blame
Corroborated by the stain
Upon those red plush breeches.

Poor Mary had an illigit
And it had a face like a lump of shit,
And every time she looked at it
She cursed those red plush breeches.

John Thomas seized the wretched brat
And stuffed it down the nearest lat
And on top of that he shat
Removing red plush breeches.

THE SECOND OLDEST PROFESSION

(TUNE: *Vicar of Bray*)

The vicar of the village church to the Curate said for fun,
"I bet I've stuffed more boys than you", the Curate he said, "Done".
"We'll stand outside the village church and this shall be our sign;
You say 'Ding dong' to the boys you've done, I'll say 'Ping pong' to mine",
Ding dong, Ding dong, Ping pong, Ping pong, there were more Ding dongs
than there were Ping pongs,
When suddenly a nice boy came along and the Curate said "Ping pong",
Said the vicar "There's no 'Ping pong' there, it is my son I do declare",
"I don't give a bugger 'cos I've been there with a Dinga Dinga Dong Ping pong".

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ARSE

It was midnight in Korea,
All the pilots were in bed,
When up spake General Rogers
And this is what he said:
"Oh pilots, gentle pilots, pilots one and all,
Mustangs, gentle Mustangs, Mustangs one and all".
Then up spake a young Lieutenant
With a voice as bold as brass
And this is what he said:
"You can take those goddam Mustangs Joe
And stick 'em up your arse."

CHORUS:

*Halleluja, oh Halleluja throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's arse,
Halleluja, oh Halleluja throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.*

Cruising up the Yalu doing 320 per
Came a call to the Major "Oh, won't you save me Sir
I have two big flak holes in my wings,
My tanks they have no gas;
Oh, mayday! mayday! mayday! got six Migs up my arse."

Fucked up my cross wind landing
My left wing touched the ground,
Came a call from the tower
"Pull up and go around"
I got that Mustang in the air a dozen feet or more
My engine quit - I'm in the shit,
Oh, mayday! mayday! mayday! won't you save me Sir.

I came into the pattern,
To me it looked all right,
My airspeed read 130
My God I pulled it tight,
My engine gave a wheeze,
Mayday! mayday! mayday! — spin instructions please.

SONG OF THE R.F.C.

I left the Mess room early just on the stroke of nine
And greatly to my horror the weather promised fine.
I strolled up to the hanger, those regions to explore,
And found my 'bus already, outside the hanger door.

I thought I'd try my engine to see what she would do,
The counter showed eight fifty revs, the cylinders were blue.
The damn thing missed eight fifty times, which made me hold my breath,
Till I crashed into the atmosphere to struggle there with death.

At last we reached four thousand feet and met the old F.E.'s,
The morning air was very cold which made my pecker freeze.
And soon we crossed the German lines quite close to old Bapaume,
And then I saw the Archie burst, I thought of Home Sweet Home.

The F.E.s they went Eastward, followed by the Pup,
And by the time we reached Cambrai, I had the wind right up.
We're turning now for home again, our hopes were unavailed
For there were twenty Halberstadts, a-sitting on my tail.

I went all out for glory, those beggars to avoid,
And when they saw such caperings, those Huns were overjoyed.
They emptied fifty pans or more, around my ruddy head,
And they fired some high explosives and a ton or two of lead.

And now we've safely crossed the lines, and free at will to roam,
We're tickled up the crack and cannot find our home.
We land all over Western France, and everywhere they send
To work through all the ruddy night and dream of make and mend.

Now, talking of Reconnaissance, I think you will agree,
That the best machine for this good work is hardly number three
For, although we do our best to please and earn the Major's thanks
For all the ruddy good we do, we may as well fly tanks.

And now we're safely back again and feeling gay and bright
We'll take a car to Amiens and have dinner there tonight,
We'll stroll along the Boulevards, and meet the girls of France;
To hell with Army Medicos — we'll take our ruddy chance.

Down our street we had a merry party,
 Everybody was there all so gay and hearty.
 Talk about a treat, we ate all the meat,
 And we drank all the beer from the boozier down the street.

There was old Uncle Joe, he was fair fucked up,
 So we put him in the cellar with the old bull pup;
 Little Sonny Jim was trying to get it in,
 With his arse-hole winking at the moon.

Oh, Salome, Salome, that's my girl, Salome,
 Standing there with her arse all bare,
 Waiting for someone to slide in there,
 Oh, slide it, and glide it,
 Right up her fucking chute,
 Two brass balls with the shankers too
 And a foreskin full of shit.

She's a big fat cow, twice the size of me,
 She's got hairs on her belly like the branches of a tree,
 She can run, jump, fuck, fight,
 Wheel a barrow, ride a bike,
 That's my girl Salome.

On Monday night she takes it up the back,
 On Tuesday night she hauls in the slack,
 On Wednesday night she has a spell,
 On Thursday night she fucks like hell,
 On Friday she takes it up her nose,
 In between her fingers, down between her toes,
 On Saturday night she dishes out gams,
 And she goes to church on Sunday.

I just want to be a Sunbeam,
 And a fucking fine Sunbeam am I — Sunbeam am I.

SWEET VIOLETS

A matelot told me before he died —
 And I have no reason to think he lied —
 That his wife had a cunt so wide
 That she could never be satisfied.

So he built her a tool of steel,
Driven by a bloody great wheel;
Balls of brass he filled with cream,
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel,
Till in ecstasy she cried,
“Enough, enough, I’m satisfied”.

Now we come to the bitter bit:
There was no means of stopping it
And she was split from arse to tit
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit.

Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses,
Covered all over from head to tit,
Covered all over in – Sweet Violets.

SHE WAS POOR BUT SHE WAS HONEST

She was poor but she was honest,
Victim of a Squire’s whim.
First he kissed her, then he upped her
And she had a child by him.

It’s the same the whole world over
It’s the poor wot gets the blame,
It’s the rich wot gets the pleasure
Isn’t it a bleedin’ shame.

So she ran away to London
For to ’ide ’er grief and shame,
There she met another squire
And she lost her name again.

See ’er ridin’ in her carriage
In the park so bright and gay,
Where the nibs and nobby persons
Come to pass the time of day.

There’s a cottage in the country
Where ’er poor old parents live,
Drinking champagne wot she sends ’em
But they never can forgive.

In a banker's arms she flutters
Like a bird wot's broke a wing.
First 'e loved 'er then 'e left 'er.
Still she 'asn't got a ring.

See 'im in 'is splendid mansion
Entertainin' with the best,
While the girl wot 'e 'as ruined
Entertains a payin' guest.

See 'im in the 'Ouse of Commons
Making laws to put down crime,
While the victim of 'is passions
Walks the streets midst mud and slime.

See 'im drivin' to the races
To the Ascot Gold Cup 'unt,
Whilst the girl wot 'e disgraces
Earns a livin' through 'er cunt.

See 'er standin' in the gutter
Sellin' matches by the box.
Any man wot tries to up 'er
Is bound to get a dose of pox.

Standin' on the bridge at midnight
Throwin' snowballs at the moon
She said, "Jack I've never 'ad it",
But she spoke too fuckin' soon.

Standin' on the bridge at midnight
Pickin' clinkers from 'er crutch,
She said, "Jack, I've never 'ad it"
He said, "No, not fuckin' much".

SAMBO WAS A LAZY COON

Sambo was a lazy coon,
He would sleep in the afternoon,
Under a tree,
So tired was he,
When along came a bee
Making whoopee.
Bzz..Bzz..Bzz..
Get along you bumble bee,
I ain't no rose
I ain't no syphilitic flea,
Get off my flipping nose.
Get off my nasal organ,
Get away from me,
If you want a bit of fanny
You can have my Granny,
But you'll get no arsehole here.

SUNDAY, MONDAY OR ALWAYS

Won't you tell me true —
Can I fly with you
Sunday, Monday or always?

Won't you tell me when
We shall fly again,
Sunday, Monday or always?

No need to tell me that the bloody thing won't go;
No need to tell me that she's flying left or right wing low —

So, if you're satisfied
I will take a ride,
Sunday, Monday or always !

SOMEWHERE A BARRACUDA'S ALWAYS PRANGING
(TUNE: *Pedro the Fisherman*)

Somewhere a Barracuda's always pranging,
Dive brakes hanging down.
Somewhere a Barra's diving — Merlin banging,
Pilot's pants are brown.
Whistling down towards the sea,
A.L.T., bags of 'G'
Wings will never stand the strain.

Night navigation with the compass on "Setting"
Pilot's getting twitch.
While in the back the "O" and T.A.G. are sweating,
Both are betting 'Ditch'.
Did he have his finger in? Was it gin caused the spin?
Can we blame hydraulics once again?

Frame 25's are cracking, Fairey's slacking,
Large scale sacking due,
But soon we'll have the Barra V
Longer may we stay alive
Then we'll know that Fairey's have a clue.

SALVATION ARMY

SALVATION ARMY! Taking your time from the clock on the church
tower opposite —

CHORUS:

*To the citadel — QUICK — MARCH!
Come and join us! Come and join us!
Come and join our happy throng!*

Sister Anna — You'll carry the banner!
"But I carried it last time."
Well, you'll carry it *this* time, and don't bloody argue!

Sister Cox — YOU'LL carry the box!
"But I carried it last night."
Well you'll carry it tonight, tomorrow night, and every *other* bloody
night!

Sister Tucker — YOU'LL carry the other blighter !
"But I'm in the family way !"
You're in every *bastard's* way !

Sister Nellie — You've got a hole in your belly !
"Well, so would you if you carried the *banner* for *forty flaming years*."

"I am an ex-naval officer. I used to stand on street corners, and associate with the *wrong kind* of *women*. But now I have seen the *LIGHT*: I have reformed ! I feel so happy I could put my foot right through that *BLOODY DRUM* !

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence, "Digger's" going to fly;
Watch him yank a seaplane, up into the sky !
Watch the Drogue Observer burning-out-the-brake !
Oh what a handsome couple those two cobbbers make !

NOTE

"Digger" Dagg, R.A.F. — a famous F.A.A. character about 1922 — 1927.

SISTER LILY

(TUNE: *The Road to the Isles*)

Have you met my Uncle Hector
He's a cock and ball inspector
At a celebrated English Public School
And my brother sells French Letters
And a patent cure for wetters
We're not the best of families — ain't it cruel.

My little sister Lily is a whore in Piccadilly
My mother is another in the Strand.
My father hawks his asshole
At the Elephant and Castle
We're the finest fucking family in the land.

SAMMY HALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall,
Oh, my name is Sammy Hall, Sammy Hall,
Oh, my name is Sammy Hall, and I've only got one ball,
But it's better than fuck-all,

CHORUS:

Damn your eyes, Blast your soul, Bloody Hell, Shit.

Oh, they say I killed a man, killed a man,
Oh, they say I killed a man, killed a man,
For I hit him on the head, with a fucking great lump of lead,
And now the bastard's dead,

And they say I'm to be hung, to be hung,
And they say I'm to be hung, to be hung,
And they say I'm to be hung, for a crime I've never done,
They can stick it up their bum,

So the Sheriff he will come, he will come,
So the Sheriff he will come, he will come,
So the Sheriff he will come, with his finger up his bum,
'Cause he cannot get his thumb,

And the Jury they'll come too, they'll come too,
And the Jury they'll come too, they'll come too,
And the Jury they'll come too, in their nice new suits of blue,
'Cause they've got fuck-all else to do,

Then the parson he will come, he will come,
Then the parson he will come, he will come,
Then the parson he will come, though he looks so fucking glum,
With his tales of Kingdom Come,

And now they're hanging me, hanging me,
And now they're hanging me, hanging me,
And now they're hanging me, Oh! Someone set me free,
This suspense is killing me,

And now I am in Hell, am in Hell,
And now I am in Hell, am in Hell,
And now I am in Hell, but it's all a fucking sell,
'Cause the parson's here as well,
Damn his eyes, Blast his soul, Bloody Hell, Shit!

SLATTERY'S MOUNTED FUT

You've heard of Julius Caesar and the great Napoleon too,
And how the Cork militia beat the Turks at Waterloo,
But there's a page of glory that as yet remains uncut,
And that's the warlike story of the Slaterry's Mounted Fut.
This gallant corps was organised by Slaterry's eldest son,
A noble minded poacher with a double-barreled gun,
And many a head was open aye, and many an eye was shut,
When learning to manoeuvre with Slaterry's Mounted Fut.

CHORUS:

*And down from the mountain came the squadrons and platoons,
Four and twenty fighting men and a couple of stout garsoons,
When going into action held each musket by the butt,
We sang a song, and marched along, with Slaterry's Mounted Fut.*

At first we reconnoitered round O'Sullivan's shebeen,
It used to be a shop house but we call it the canteen,
And there we saw a notice the bravest heart unnerved,
All liquor must be settled for before the drink is served.
So on we marched and once again, each warrior's heart grew pale,
For rising high in front of us we saw the county jail,
And as the army faced about it was just in time to find,
A couple of stout policemen had surrounded us behind.

Oh we'll cross the ditch our leader cried and take the foe by flank,
But cries of consternation then arose from every rank,
For posted high upon a tree we very plainly saw,
'Trespassers prosecuted in accordance with the law.'
"We're foiled" explained bold Slaterry, "here ends our brave campaign,
I'm not as bold as some but I'm braver than a hen,
And he that fights and runs away, will live to fight again."

They reached the mountain safely, though all stiff and some with cramp,
It took a load of whiskey to dissipate the damp,
And when they'd loaded up their pipes, bold Slaterry ups and said,
'Today's a mortal fight, 'twill be remembered by the dead.
I never shall forget" said he "The way my heart did beat,
The eager way ye followed when I headed the retreat,
Ye've followed the soldiers' maxims, and desisted from the strife,
Best be a coward for five minutes, than a dead man all your life!"

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, Sweet Chariot,
Coming for to carry me home,
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.

The brightest day that I ever saw,
Coming for to carry me home,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Coming for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Coming for to carry me home.

SINFUL MEN

The horse and the mule live thirty years,
And nothing know of wine or beer,
The goat and sheep at twenty die,
And nothing know of scotch or rye,
The cow drinks water by the ton,
But by eighteen is mostly done,
The dog at fifteen cashes in,
Without the aid of rum or gin,
The cat in milk and water soaks,
Then in twelve short years it croaks,
The modest sober dry bone hen,
Lays eggs for men and dies at ten,
All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and sinless die,
But sinful ginful rum soaked men,
Survive for three score years and ten.

THE STRINGBAG SONG

(TUNE: *My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean*)

My Stringbag flies over the ocean,
My Stringbag flies over the sea,
If it wasn't for King George's Swordfish,
Where the hell would the Royal Navy be ?

CHORUS:

*Stringbag, Stringbag,
Oh, bring back my Stringbag to me, to me,
Stringbag, Stringbag,
Oh, bring back my Stringbag to me.*

At Taranto and chase of the Bismark,
In the battle of Cape Matapan,
'Twas the fish from the Swordfish that fixed 'em,
And those who could run, how they ran !

Now the science of dropping torpedoes
Is taught at R.N.A.S. Crail,
Where the instruction's so good that pupils
With the Swordfish aren't likely to fail.

No doubt when we get Barracudas.
The Swordfish's day will be done,
So remember, 'twas this kite that fixed 'em,
And gave them their place in the sun !

SHILLING A GO

(TUNE: *Three Men went to Mow*)

Down in Drury Lane there are some filthy women,
You can get a bit of you know what all for a shilling.
Soldiers half a crown, sailors half a guinea,
Ordinary men two pounds ten schoolboys all a penny.

CHORUS:

*Three whores walk the streets always bloody willing,
It's only a bob for a bit of knob all for a shilling.*

In the Shetland Isles there are no filthy women,
You can take a leap at any old sheep all for a shilling,
NCOs two, airmen one and sixpence,
You can have a screw on the old black ewe all for a shilling.

In the Middle East there's bags of filthy women,
In the crack or up the back all for a shilling.
Frenchmen pay five francs Doughboys pay a dollar,
You can shoot your cream in the old harem all for a shilling.

Out in India there are no filthy memsahibs,
So what do the pukkah wallahs get for their shilling,
Knotholes in the floor or the hole in the elephant's bottom,
But in Calcutta you can grind in the gutter all for a shilling.

On the ocean waves there are no filthy wrens sir,
So what does poor Jack Tar get for a shilling.
Admirals keep a goat, Captains have a parrot,
But the matelot true has a grand blow through all for a shilling.

THE SENIOR OBSERVER'S LAMENT

Maybe he's bombing, maybe he's spotting, maybe he's flying low.
Flew off this morning, when day was dawning, such a long time ago.
I don't know where he is, or what made him go.
One thing I know —
I'm getting mighty worried!
Maybe he's lonesome, all on his ownsome, searching for who knows what.
Maybe he's boating, maybe he's floating, and again maybe not!
I don't care what he steered, what wind he used, or why he left,
So long as he'll only make his call-sign to me!

(By W.T. Couchman)

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,
I'm tired and I want to go to bed,
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it's gone right to my head.
Wherever I may roam,
On land or sea or foam,
You will always hear me singing this song,
Show me the way to go home.

Indicate the way to my abode,
I'm fatigued and I want to retire,
I had a little noggin sixty minutes ago
And it's gone right to my cerebellum.
Wherever I perambulate,
On terra firma, sea, or atmospheric vapour,
You will always hear me chanting this melody
Indicate the way to my abode.

Home me the way to go show,
I'm bed and I want to go to tired,
I had a little hour about a drink ago
And it's head right to my gone.
Where roam I ever may
On land or sea or hay,
You will song me always hearing this tune,
Home me the way to go show.

THE SERVANT GIRL

When I was a skivvy down in Drury Lane,
The Master 'e was kind to me, the mistress was the same,
Until I met a sailor back 'ome from the sea
And that was the beginning of all my misery.

'E asked me for a candle to light 'im up to bed
And 'e asked for a pillow for to rest 'is weary 'ead.
Being young and innocent and thinking it no 'arm
I 'opped in bed beside 'im to keep the sailor warm.

Early in the morning I found that sailor bold
A-hunting in his pockets for to find a piece of gold
"Take this my darling for the damage I have done
For you're bound to be the mother of a daughter or a son."

"If it be a daughter then pass her on to me
But if it be a son send the bastard off to sea.
Bell bottomed trousers and a coat of navy blue
And he'll learn to climb the rigging like his Daddy climbed up you."

Now all you servant girls take a tip from me
Never let a sailor an inch above your knee
For if you do, girls, be sure he'll never rest
Till he's plucked the feathers from your old crow's nest.

THE SPARRER

There was a bleedin' sparrer lived up a bleedin' spout,
Then comes a bleedin' rainstorm wot washed the bleeder out.
That bleedin' little sparrer went and sat out on the grass
And told that bleedin' rainstorm to kiss 'is bleedin' arse.
And when that storm was over, and likewise too the rain,
That bleedin' little sparrer flies off up that spout again.
'E builds 'isself a bleedin' nest and lays a bleedin' egg;
The bleeder bursts inside 'is guts and trickles dahn 'is leg.
Then there comes a bleedin' sparrer'awk what spies 'im in 'is snuggery,
'E sharpens up 'is bleedin' claws and chews 'im up to buggery.
Then there comes a bleedin' sportin' cove wot 'as a bleedin' gun;
'E shot that bleedin' sparrer'awk and spoilt 'is bleedin' fun.
Now the moral of my story is plain enough to all —
It's: THEM WOT LIVES UP BLEEDIN' SPOUTS DON'T GET NO
FUN AT ALL.

THEY SAY THERE'S A (.....) JUST LEAVING

They say there's a flat top just leaving bound for old Blighty's shore,
Heavily laden with terrified men shit scared and flat on the floor.
They say there are Messerschmitts pumping in lead, they say there 190s too,
They shot off our bollicks and fucked the hydraulics so cheer up my lads fuck 'em all.

CHORUS:

*Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all, the long and the short and the tall,
Fuck all the sergeants and W.O.1s, fuck all the corporals and their bastard sons.
For we're saying goodbye to them all as up the C.O.'s arse they crawl,
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean, so cheer up my lads fuck 'em all.*

With six Q.D.Ms. and some fucking good luck we get back to shore,
The cloud was 11/10ths right on the deck, in fact 'twas a fucking sight more.
In ten fucking years when they're digging for coal in a bloody great hole close to Wick,
They'll dig up a two beds and a shitehawk, so cheer up my lads fuck 'em all.

The other poor bastards who fell in the shit, they sent them to
The runway was 90 deg. out of wind it tried fucking hard to be more.
Now Coastal Command think this is fucking good fun, they chortle like bastards and say
"We'll get our promotion this side of the ocean if 899 fly every day."

These fucking controllers are driving me mad, they don't know a map from a chart.
They think that a shitbag's a bag full of shit, a wind lane the track of a fart,
They think that a Sextant's a man of the church, a bearing a little steel ball,
We talk about bombsights they think we're three parts tight, 'cos a bombsight's got no
eyes at all.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

Thanks for the memory,
Of biplanes in the sky,
Of pilots who could fly,
Of four hour trips chasing blips,
Returning with a sigh,
How lovely it was.

Thanks for the memory,
Of navexes without charts,
Of Helston playing darts,
Of Willis rushing round to fix
Uncle Sam for spare parts,
How lovely it was.

Many's the time we've pranged 'em
On many a D.L.P.
Many's the time we've slanged 'em,
On APS Twenty and W/T.

So thanks for the memory,
Not even one front gun,
With which to shoot for fun,
Of dripping oil and hangar toil,
And gen that weighs a ton,
How lovely it was.

Thanks for the memory,
Of pitching decks at night,
Observers full of fright,
Of taking off with little wind,
And dropping out of sight,
How lovely it was.

We said goodbye to the carrier,
We gave all our aircraft away,
And now we've no fear of the barrier,
For here we stay for many a day.

So thanks for the memory,
Of drunken nights ashore,
Of blacks put up galore,
Of gin and limes and flying times,
And popsies by the score,
How lovely it was.

FATHER'S GRAVE

They're digging up Father's grave to build a sewer,
They're digging it up regardless of expense,
They're shifting his remains
To put in ten inch drains
To take away the shit from residents.

Gor' Blimey

What's the use of having religion,
If when you die your troubles never cease,
All because some big nosed twit
Wants a pipe line for his shit,
Why won't they let the poor guy rest in peace.

Gor' Blimey

But father all his life was never a quitter
I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now,
And when the job's complete
He'll haunt that shit-house seat
And only let them shit when he'll allow.

Gor' Blimey

Won't there be some fucking consternation,
And won't those bleeding toffs just rant and rave,
But they'll get what they deserve
For having the bleeding nerve
To fuck about with a British workman's grave.

THERE IS A 'PLANE

(TUNE: *Passing By*)

There is a 'plane that is brand new;
They christened it the Barracuda two.
I did but see one passing by
But still I'll fly one till I die.

Vanishing wheels and but one plank
Fuselage borrowed from a tank;
God only knows how it can fly —
But still I'll fly one till I die.

Gyro compass gives a track
For going out — not coming back
Blokes who prang them make me cry
Through finger trouble I shall die.

... WE WANT TO ♪
♪ WEE WEE NOW ♪



Wally

THREE OLD LADIES

CHORUS:

*Oh dear what can the matter be, three old ladies locked in the lavatory,
They were there from Monday to Saturday,
Nobody knew they were there.*

They'd all been to tea with the Vicar,
They went in together because it was quicker,
The lock on the door was a bit of a sticker,
Nobody knew they were there.

The first lady's name was Elizabeth Porter,
She was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter,
She only went there to get rid of some water,
Nobody knew they were there.

The second one's name was Amelia Spender,
She went there to adjust her suspender,
She got it caught up with her feminine gender,
Nobody knew they were there.

The third lady's name was Emily Humphrey,
She stayed there because it was comfy,
She went to get up but could not get her bum free,
Nobody knew they were there.

The fourth one's name was Celia Caution,
She went in to have an abortion,
It came away in a fucking great portion,
Nobody knew they were there.

The fifth one's name was Ermintrude Buntin,
She sat there a-fartin' and gruntin',
The attendant came in and kicked her old cunt in,
Nobody knew they were there.

The sixth lady's name was Felicity Petter,
She went there to try a French letter,
When she got there she found Rendell's were better.
Nobody knew they were there.

THEY CALLED THE BASTARD STEPHENS

A maiden sat in a mountain glen,
Seducing herself with a fountain pen,
The capsule broke and the ink went wild,
And now she's the mother of a blue-black child.

And they called the bastard Stephens,
And they called the bastard Stephens,
And they called the bastard Stephens,
'Cos that was the name of the ink.

No matter how, nor where, nor when,
Use Stephens Ink in your fountain pen.

THREE GERMAN OFFICERS CROSSED THE RHINE

(TUNE: Mademoiselle from Armentiers)

Three German officers crossed the Rhine, parlez-vous,
Three German officers crossed the Rhine, parlez-vous,
Three German officers crossed the Rhine,
To fuck the women and drink the wine,
Inky-pinky parlez-vous.

They came unto a wayside inn,
The cheeky buggers they walked right in.

O Landlord have you a daughter fair,
With lily white tits and golden hair?

My daughter Sir, is much too young
To be fucked about by a son of a gun.

(Falsetto) Oh, Father dear I'm not too young
For I've been screwed by the parson's son.

So up the stairs and into bed
They fucked till she was nearly dead.

And now she's come to London Town,
And you can have her for half a crown.

TOORALY-TOORALY-TOORALY-AY

Said Johnny to Mary "I'd like to seduce you",
Said Mary to Johnny "I cannot refuse you".

CHORUS:

Sing Tooraly-Tooraly-Tooraly-Ay

Said Johnny to Mary "Your knicks they do hinder",
Said Mary to Johnny "There's a knife by the winder".

He picked up the knife and he cut them asunder,
And then they were at it like lightning and thunder.

Alas! our poor Mary got fatter and fatter,
Said Father to Mother "some bastard's been at her".

Now all you young airmen of course you know better,
You never go shafting without a french letter.

TEN NEW SEAFIRES

(TUNE: Ten Green Bottles)

Ten new Seafires landing on the deck (repeat)
And if one Seafire pilot should break his fucking neck,
There'll be nine new Seafires landing on the deck.

Nine new Seafires landing on a carrier (r)
But if one new Seafire should hit the fucking barrier,
There'll be eight new Seafires landing on the carrier.

Eight new Seafires climbing higher and higher (r)
And if one new Seafire should miss the bloody wire,
There'll be seven new Seafires flying higher and higher.

Seven new Seafires flying now I think, (r)
And if one new Seafire should hit the bloody drink,
There'll be six new Seafires flying now I think.

Six new Seafires flying in formation, (r)
And if a pilot's weak through over fornication,
There'll be five new Seafires flying in formation.

Five new Seafires flying on a stunt, (r)
And if one Seafire pilot should act the bloody cunt,
There'll be four new Seafires flying on a stunt.

Four new Seafires flying round about, (r)
And if one Seafire pilot doesn't keep his finger out,
There'll be three new Seafires flying round about.

Three new Seafires, one piloted by Sal, (r)
And if Sal keeps thinking about his fucking moll,
There'll be two new Seafires neither piloted by Sal.

Two new Seafires one piloted by Tim. (r)
And if he keeps drinking that bloody awful Gin,
There'll be one new Seafire not piloted by Tim.

One new Seafire watched carefully by Haynes, (r)
And if Haynes doesn't keep his nose out of the 'planes,
There'll be no more Seafires watched carefully by Haynes.

There are no more Seafires coming to make a pass, (r)
So Tubby can stick his bats right up his fucking arse,
There'll be no more Seafires coming to make a pass.

THEY'RE BREAKING UP BARRA TWOS
(TUNE: *They're Digging up Father's Grave*)

They're breaking up Barra Twos to build a kettle:
They're doing the job regardless of expense:
They're breaking up Barra's wings,
To build such tiny things
As modern prefabricated tenements.

Would you like to buy a gross of rivets?
We've shed them from St. A.'s to Monifieth;
We haven't had to ditch
But the boys have all got twitch,
And parts are turning brown from underneath, Gaw Blimey!

Won't there be a lot of trepidations?
Alexander's rag-time band will never smile
They pay us six bob a day,
For flogging around the Tay,
Works out fifty quid a bloody mile.

What are they going to do with all the rivets?
They'll pile them all in one great bloody spot;
For the only thing to do
With the Barracuda Two,
Is burn the bloody lot.

THAT LOVELY WEEKEND

Thank you so much for that lovely weekend,
Those two nights in bed dear you helped me to spend.
The smile on your face as you tickled my fan,
The thrill that you gave me as you only can.
I lay on the bed dear you played with my breast,
And asked me my darling to take off my vest.
My two lovely bosoms with lovely brown tips,
My two slender legs squeezing right round your hips.
The time was so short dear and you had to go,
You didn't have much time to stay.
Your two balls were drumming, I thought you were coming,
Sorry I cried, but I just felt that way.

And when it was over you dropped off to sleep,
I lifted your shirt dear to just take a peep.
And there was poor Jimmy as small as a shrimp,
Between your legs hanging so wet and so limp.
To mark the occasion we put down the date,
We should have used Rendells but now it's too late,
So please get a licence and marry me soon,
Our child will be born on the 18th of June.

THREE WHEELS ON MY VIXEN

Three wheels on my Vixen,
And I'm still flying along.
Flyco there is after me,
Sure is mad, that's too bad,
'Cos I'm singing my happy song.

CHORUS:
Oh Lordy.

Two wheels on my Vixen,
But I'm still flying along.
Left my tyre in the wires,
Barrier's gone their last one,
But I'm singing my happy song.

One wheel on my Vixen,
But I'm still flying along.
Right hand seat, not a peep,
Pulled his cord and up he soared,
But I'm singing my happy song.

No wheels on my Vixen,
And I ain't flying no more.
Hit the deck, what a wreck,
Fire and foam, flesh and bone,
But I'm singing my happy song.

THOSE FOOLISH THINGS

A book of sex with fifty well thumbed pages
An old French letter, that has been used for ages
Abortions quite a few
These foolish Things, remind me of you.

Remember Dear, that we talked of marriage
That was the night you had your first miscarriage
Abortions quite a few
These Foolish Things, remind me of you.

I came, you came, all over me
And in our ecstasy we simply knew that it had to be.

The newsboys calling out "late night final"
The faint aroma of a gents urinal
Oh how the memory clings
These Foolish Things, remind me of you.

The limp inertness of a used French Letter
That I discarded when I knew you better
A bed of creaking springs
These Foolish Things, remind me of you.

I came, you came, all over me,
And in our ecstasy we simply knew that it had to be.

The lumpy sofa that we had our shags on
The smell that told me that you had your rags on
Oh how the memory clings
These Foolish Things, remind me of you.

THE NINE WING SONG
(TUNE: *These Foolish Things*)

That batsman's signals Oh so Vague,
Those long approaches over Ailsa Craig
The sight of many a wreck
A prang on the deck,
Reminds me of FOO.

That Babs that didn't work, that U/S rooster
The sight of Harvey going off the booster
The stolid look of Wings;
These foolish things,
Remind me of FOO.

Biggest boat afloat — you frighten me
Me lifebelt's in my hand whenever we're out of sight of land.

Those evening sessions when we all got plastered,
And drank a toast to Britain's biggest bastards;
Nine Wing is still on the booze.
These shakey does,
Remind me of FOO.

THERE'S A HOME FOR BATCHY AIRMEN
(TUNE: *There's a Home for Little Children*)

There's a home for batchy airmen
'Way out in the sunny Sudan
The airmen are all batchy
And so is the fucking Old Man.
There's bags and bags of bullshit
Saluting on the square,
And when we're not saluting
We're up in the fucking air.

Now two long years I've been here
Among the shit and sand,
The sun has burned my eyeballs
The sun has scorched my hand.
We're flying in the sunshine,
Saluting in the rain
And when we go from Khartoum
We'll never come back again.

We're leaving Khartoum in the cattle saloon
We're sailing by night and by day,
We've passed Kasfareet, we've got fuck-all to eat
'Cause we've given our rations away.

So shine, shine, 'Somersetshire'
The skipper looks on her with pride.
He'd have a blue fit if he saw anyshit
On the side of the 'Somersetshire'.

This is my story,
This is my song.
I've been in the Navy
Too fucking long.
So roll out the "Nelson", the "Rodney", "Renown",
You can't have the "Hood" 'cause the bastard's gone down.

UNITED STATES MARINES

You can keep your scattered islands
and your skies of Asian Blue
You can keep your aircraft carriers
and their dim commanders too
You can keep the dusky maidens with
their skirts of waving grass
You can keep the whole Pacific
and stuff it up your arse.

THE VIRGIN STURGEON

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon
The virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish.
The virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why caviar is my dish.

Shad roe comes from the scarlet shad fish
Shad fish have a sorry fate.
Pregnant shad fish is a sad fish
Got that way without a mate.

Oysters they are fishy bivalves
They have youngsters in their shell.
How they diddle, is a riddle
But they diddle – sure as hell.

The green sea turtle's mate is happy
With her lover's winning ways.
First he grips her with his flippers
Then he grips and flips for days.

Mrs. Clam is optimistic
Shoots her eggs out in the sea
Hopes her suitor is a shooter
Hits the self same spot as she.

Give a thought to happy cod fish
Always there when duty calls
Female cod fish is an odd fish
From them too come codfish balls.

The trout is just a little salmon
Just half grown and minus scales,
But the trout just like the salmon
Can't get on without its tail.

Lucky fishes are the ray-fish
When for youngsters they essay
Yes, my hearties, they have parties
In the good old fashioned way.

I fed caviar to my girl friend
She was a virgin tried and true
Now my virgin needs no urgin'
There ain't nothing she won't do.

I fed caviar to my Grandpa
Grandpa he is 93
Shrieks of laughter heard from Grandma
Grandpa'd had her up a tree.

Fed some caviar to my Grandma
She came down from out that tree.
Now my Grandma and my Grandpa
Start to raise a family.

THE VIXEN SONG

Picture if you can, a Vixen
Rushing through the starry skies,
Picture, too, the intrepid pilot
Peering through his bloodshot eyes.

Long ago he joined the service,
Said he'd like to learn to fly —
Thought it meant some easy money,
Rich retirement bye and bye.

Thought as well of babes and popsies,
And the glamour of those wings.
Or visits to exotic places,
Parties, dances, other things ...

Now he sits in frozen terror,
Bathed in moonlight's cheerless glow;
Trying not to think of landing
On that flight deck down below.

Tiny deck, enormous airplane
Guided by his hands and feet.
In the darkness none to tell him
How on earth the twain shall meet.

His alone the great decisions,
He the Captain of his fate.
Life itself the constant wager
'Gainst the snares that lie in wait.

But stay, there *is* one guiding hand
To lead him in the paths of right.
One voice to lend encouragement
When fear strikes deep at dead of night.

For on his right, and just behind him,
Shielded from plebeian view,
Dwells within the Vixen's bowels
A second member of the crew.

Trained in the arts of navigation,
Versed in interception lore;
Master-mind and shrewd tactician
When the Vixen goes to war.

This is he they call the Looker,
Silent partner of the team,
Thinker extraordinary
Of the cream the very cream.

Aided by his electronics,
Helped by radar's probing eye;
His vital task the skilled direction
Of the Vixen around the sky.

Master, too, of relaxation
Soothing words and healing balms,
Oft-times in the air he wanders
'Wrapt in Morpheus' Blissful arms.

Then it is the wrathful pilot
Bellows forth in angry roar,
Only to be answered with
A small observatorial snore.

At last the moment comes for landing,
When the Looker's work is done.
When his special tasks are ended
And his test of faith begun.

Now in turn the pilot needs
Must wake from dreams and concentrate,
While the ATCO talks him gently
Down towards the homing gate.

Through the gate and join the pattern,
Cockpit checks and lights all green.
Throttle back and down the glidepath
Till the meatball's clearly seen.

Closer still and o'er the round-down:
Now the time for faith and prayer.
Hold the sirspeed, check the line-up:
Nearly down ... A bright red flare!

Keep your head now, throttles open!
Take your bolter like a man.
Climb away and keep her level,
Visual circuit if you can.

Down-wind leg and check the fuel,
One more pass and that's your lot.
On the meatball, keep her steady,
Steady, steady, steady, ZOT!

Down at last, a perfect landing,
Model of the pilot's art.
Now see the carefree crew emerge
With sweating brow and pounding heart.

See them weaving down the flight-deck
Twitching gently, faces green,
Reporting to the Senior Pilot:—
“Normal sortie — just routine.”

A VIXEN'S MADE FOR PITCH UP
(TUNE: *These Boots are made for Walking*)

You keep saying that you're pretty steely,
That there's nothing flying that you can't hack,
But one day you'll overstep the line child,
And that's when a Vixen's gonna bite right back.

CHORUS:
'Cos a Vixen's made for pitch up,
And that's just what it'll do,
And one of these days a Vixen's
Gonna pitch right up on you.

Pull it really hard and tight on finals,
Hear the Looker babbling with fright,
Speed 120 add's a burbling,
But still you manfully call out “on sight”.

Well you tell how much you love flying,
But the way you're flying now fills me with gloom,
And when in the wreckage they find you a-dyin'
They're gonna write these words upon your tomb:

THE WOODPECKER SONG

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole,
The woodpecker said “God Bless my Soul,
Take it out, take it out, take it out ... Remove it.”

Put it back ...	Replace it
Turn it round ...	Revolve it
The other way ...	Reverse it
Slow it down ...	Retard it
Speed it up ...	Increase it
In and out ...	Reciprocate it.

THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

If forty whores in purple dresses,
Came walking down the Strand,
Do you suppose the Walrus said,
A chap could raise a stand,
I doubt it said the carpenter,
But wouldn't it be grand,
And all the time,
The dirty swine was coming in his hand.

WAY UP THERE IN WHITEHALL

Way up there in Whitehall where Their Lordships are
They travel up to London in an R.N. car.
There they sit and bolster up the worst by far —
The Barracuda Two.
Got their fame by making all our dives so steep —
Still it doesn't make them lose a wink of sleep —
Wherefore should they weep?
Aircrews are so cheap:

So there they sit
While we open the throttle and the tit
Screaming down through smoke and trying to get a hit;
We pop our flaming rivets
But it doesn't really matter just how far the wings we scatter —
THEY'RE ALIVE:
Never seen a Barracuda dive
So how are they going to know
She's a high-wing rootin — rivet shooting
Helluva bitch, that gives you twitch —
The Barracuda Two.

WHISTLING DOWN THE RUNWAY

(TUNE: *Pistol Packin' Momma*)

Whistling down the runway
Finger up his arse.
Someone's got his dive brakes up
Must be dear old d'Arce.

CHORUS:

Put those dive brakes down d'Arce
Put those dive brakes down:
Barra-pranging d'Arcy,
Put those dive brakes down:

Climb to seven thousand
Put her in a dive
First a wail then the tail
Then your bloody guts arrive.

The gunner has twin Vickers guns
The observer he had one
But that ruddy shit in the front cockpit
Has not a bloody one.

Coming in to land her,
Bring old J.C. in.
But that ruddy fart of an undercart
Nearly put you in a spin.

So we'll fly them 'till we die,
And that won't be very long.
For a spot of flak or the wings fold back,
And we'll be where we belong.

WINTER NIGHTS

Winter nights, that's the time for bombing,
Winter nights, that's the time for bombing,
Let her roar. You're over there once more, and fighting,
Winter nights, that's the time for bombing dear old Mannheim;
Let 'em drop you can't do better
Hear the Huns say "Donnerwetter",
Downstairs, the bombs are falling fast and Huns are running;
Upstairs, you both say "Damn and Blast" with the engines roaring;
And if she 'ends' before you're over Bens, say fellers,
If you understand 'em — you can land 'em,
On those Winter nights.

WE WANT TO BUY A BARRACUDA
(TUNE: *I Want to Buy a Paper Doll*)

I want to buy a Barracuda I can call my own,
A kite the R.A.F. will never steal.
And then those whiskered P/O Prunes
With their Mossies and Typhoons
Will have to fly an aircraft that is real.

As through the evening sky we slowly stagger
Just waiting for the next poor sod to die,
I'd rather have a Barracuda I can call my own
Than have an aircraft that can really fly.

WIRRAWAYS DON'T WORRY ME

Wirraways don't worry me, Wirraways don't worry me,
Oil chasing bastards with flaps on their wings,
With bugged up pistons and bugged up rings,
The bomb load is so fucking small
Three fifths of five eighths of fuck-all,
There's such a commotion out over the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all.

They say that the Jap's have a very fine kite,
That we no longer doubt,
When there's a Zero way out on your tail,
This is the way to get out ...
Be cool, be calm, be sedate,
Don't let your British blood boil,
Don't hesitate, shove her right thru' the gate,
And drown the bastard in oil.

WEST VIRGINIAN HILLS

In the hills of West Virginy lived a girl called Nancy Brown,
For beauty and for virtue she was of great renown.
There came the village Deacon to Nancy one fine day,
Took Nancy to the mountains but Nancy wouldn't play.
She came rollin' down the mountain, rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain might wise,
For she didn't give the Deacon that there thing that he was seekin'
She remained as pure as the West Virginy skies.

There came a roving cowboy with laughter and with song,
Took Nancy to the mountain, but she still knew right from wrong.
She came rollin' down the mountain, rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty wise,
'Cause despite the cowboy's urgin' she remained the village virgin,
She remained as pure as the West Virginy skies.

Then came Henderson, the trapper, with his phrases sweet and low,
Took Nancy to the mountain, but she still knew "Yes" from "No",
She came rollin' down the mountain, rollin' down the mountain,
She came rollin' down the mountain mighty wise.
She remained, as I have stated, quite uncontaminated,
She remained as pure as the West Virginy skies.

Then came a city slicker with his hundred dollar bills,
Put Nancy in his Packard, and drove her to the hills,
And she stayed up in the mountain, stayed up in the mountain,
Yes, she stayed up in the mountain all night long,
She returned next morning early more a woman than a girlie,
And her mother kicked the hussy out of town.

Now she's living in the city, she's living in the city,
And by all accounts she's living mighty swell.
'Cause she's wining and she's dining
And she's on her back reclining
And the West Virginy skies can go to hell.

Then came ole man Depression, kicked the slicker in the pants,
He had to sell his Packard, and he had to give up Nance,
So she's gone back to the mountains, gone back to the mountains,
Yes, she's gone back to the mountains as of yore.
Now the cowboy and the Deacon
They both get what they were seekin'
For she's just another West Virginy whore.

WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR DADDY?

(TUNE: Ivor Skavisky Skavor)

Oh Daddy what part in the war did you play,
What are the gongs you wear,
Not for firing a gun,
Or sinking the Hun,
But for sinking unlimited beer.

A Pilot my son was your Dad in the war,
A young man who had all the gen,
The wings of the Navy,
With rings that were wavy,
My motto was never say "when".

The worst part was always the waiting my son,
They never could realise the strain,
When poor throats were parched,
How slowly time marched,
Till they started the wine bills again.

A fine upright figure they thought me those days,
With guts and body of steel,
I was reckless and brave,
Ever nonchalant save,
When signing the book for each meal.

But that's not the end of my daring exploits,
Your Father had nothing to hide,
He blitzed Norway's highlands,
Some Japanese islands,
And the Cafe Moderne at Port Said.

The leech ridden jungles were nearly as bad,
As flying and long months at sea,
I was honoured by all,
When I got on the ball,
For none was more whistled than me.

... I LEFT MY HEART IN
AN ENGLISH GARDEN



WIDDECOMBE FAIR

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,
All along down along out along lee,
For I want to go to Widdecombe Fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

And when shall I see again my grey mare?
All along down along out along lee,
By Friday soon or Saturday noon.
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

Then Friday came and Saturday noon,
All along down along out along lee,
Tom Pearce's old mare hath not trotted home.
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top of the hill,
All along down along out along lee,
And he see'd his old mare a-making her will,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died,
All along down along out along lee,
And Tom Pearce he sat down on a stone and he cried,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Dave,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

But this isn't the end of this shocking affair,
All along down along out along lee,
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career,
Of Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night,
All along down along out along lee,
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear gashly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
All along down along out along lee,
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy,
Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawk, Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

WALTER

(TUNE: D'ye Ken John Peel)

On my first night with Walter Lee
He had my clothes right past my knee
Before he'd been an hour with me
Forward boy is Walter.

He soon got up to you-know-what
And stroked it on a certain spot
I felt so randy — who would not
With a saucy boy like Walter.

He said, "You are a lovely pet"
I felt that I was awful wet
And wanted wiping, you can bet
I wanted it with Walter.

At last I could no more withstand
Into his trousers went my hand
And felt his thing — the touch was grand
A great big chap is Walter.

I got it out — oh, what a size —
It grew and swelled before my eyes
And then he got between my thighs
A pushing chap is Walter.

And then he got right into me
The times it came exceeded three
I love to fuck and so does he,
A damn good sport is Walter.

Once on a common in some shrubs
How he kissed and squeezed my bubs
Then he brought me off in three soft rubs
Naughty, naughty Walter.

Once in a deserted field
He kissed my pussy till I squealed
I must confess I love to yield
To the feelings loved by Walter.

Sometimes he blocks me from behind
You try it girls, you'll always find
You get a most delightful grind,
I often do with Walter.

Now listen all good girls sedate
Enjoy yourselves, it's not too late
And have a screw, it's simply great.
If you doubt me ask Walter.

YOU'LL NEVER GO TO HEAVEN

Now you can't go to heaven on roller skates,
'Cos you'll roll right past — those pearly gates (repeat)

CHORUS:

I ain't going to grieve my Lord no more.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in a Seafire three,
Because a Seafire three don't go to sea.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in a Firefly,
Because a Firefly can't fly that high.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in a F.6.F.
Because an F.6.F. has no V.H.F.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in a chevrolet
Because a Chevrolet don't know the way.

Oh you'll never go to heaven with a bottle of gin,
Because St. Peter won't let you in.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in a woman's arms,
Because the Lord don't hold with feminine charms.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in powder and paint,
Because the Lord don't love you as you ain't.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in a Barra two,
Because the wings arrive before you do.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in a Tiger Moth,
Because a Tiger Moth is built of cloth.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in a Vought Corsair,
Because a Vought Corsair won't get you there.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in a Ford Coupe,
Because the Lord has shares in Chevrolet.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in a Firebrand,
Because the Firebrand sticks close to land.

Oh you'll never go to heaven with an A.E.O.
Because the A.E.O.s go down below.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in an Albacore,
Because an Albacore has prangs galore.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in a Buccaneer,
Because a Buccaneer's too hard to steer.

Oh you'll never go to heaven in a Seaking,
Because the Seaking's an unnatural thing.

Oh you'll never go to heaven if your wings don't fold,
'Cos you won't get them through those gates of gold.

Oh you'll never go to heaven if the weather's wet,
'Cos the Lord ain't got no beacons yet.

If you get to heaven before I do,
Just drill a hole and pull me through.

158 VIOLET OF GRAY

ADDENDA

"MY KNEES ARE HAIRIER
AS I COME FROM BAVARIA
I WEAR WEATHER HOSEN
BUT NEVER GET MY FROZEN. Ⓟ

23 BAL OF KIRKBRIDE

139 OLD FARMER

165 SISTER LILY

121 LADY JANE

27 MRS KILBY

56 "BEING BRIGHT AT BREAKFAST TIME"

182 KILBURN

34-35

113 LILY

43 THE WEDDING & SEVEN

182 KILBURN

13

17

40 COCAINE BOWL

30 BEING BRIGHT AT BREAKFAST TIME"

79

50/51

176

79

ADDENDA

LITTLE MISS MUFFET
SAT ON A TUFFET
HER KNICKERS ALL
TATTERED & TORN
IT WASN'T THE SPIDER
WHO SAT DOWN BESIDE HER
IT WAS LITTLE BOY BLUE
WITH THE HORSE

ADDENDA

71. 114

72. 115

73. 79

74. 42

75. SAVARIA A

6 miss MURKET.

7. 81 MARKHAM STICK.

8. PLING LONG

9. 55 DEAN COE